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REV. JAMES RICHARDSON.

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AMONG the noble souls whose mortal career terminated during the period of the late Rebellion was the subject of this memoir. His father, Hon. James Richardson, acquired distinction as a counselor-at-law, and for many years practiced his profession in the beautiful town of Dedham, Norfolk County, Massachusetts. He studied law with Fisher Ames, and was his partner in business up to the time of the death of that distinguished Federalist orator, when he formed a co-partnership with Hon. Theron Metcalf, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State. In addition to a very extensive practice for more than half a century, he held various prominent positions as a member of the convention for forming the Constitution, as Senator, Councilor, etc., in all of which he was conspicuous. He married late in life a lady many years his junior, who was a daughter of the earliest wholesale hardware merchant in Boston, and who, in addition to a superior education in an English academy, gave his daughters, as well as his sons, the opportunity of travel. She died in early youth, leaving two children, a son and

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daughter, mere infants, to the care of a heart-broken and inconsolable husband, and her pure spirit, rising to meet her lost babe in a brighter sphere, shed an odor of purity, gentleness, and love that still remains to rejoice the memories of her many friends.

With the same epidemic that deprived the mother of life, the son—whose character and career are described in the succeeding pages—lay for many hours insensible, until all hope of his surviving her was given up. But at length he revived, to live through a puny and delicate childhood and youth, many years of which were passed on a bed of pain and sickness. From his mother came his deep religious fervor, as well as his love of art and strong musical taste. On her knee, as she sat at the piano, he learned the simple songs and Scotch ballads which she loved so well, before he could articulate the words; and he has often declared that the joyful anticipation of meeting this beloved parent, in higher spheres of light and life, was one of the principal causes of the delight that he always felt at the thought of death. Through his mother he inherited the blood of those old reformers of the church, the Plymouth pilgrims, as she was a lineal descendant of Mrs. Governor Winslow, the first person married in New England. Deprived at a very tender age of his mother, the irreparable loss was in a measure supplied by his maternal grandmother, and by the widow and daughter of Fisher Ames and Madame Wainwright—all ladies of the highest culture and of remarkable talent—the latter, mother of Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of this city, being so much distinguished by strength and brilliancy of mind, by great liberality of thought and uncommon conversational powers, as to well deserve the title often applied to her of the Madame de Staël of New England.

The boy's native taste for drawing, music, and other forms of art, received every encouragement, especially from Miss Ames, a lady of rare accomplishments, and took the place with the delicate and sickly child of the outdoor sports of

a more robust boyhood. And yet from his infancy he loved the green fields, the deep forests and running brooks with an exceeding love. The woods and the wild and lonely scenes of natural beauty were his greatest delight. Not a flower that bloomed, not an expanding leaf, not an animal that stirred the silence, or insect that hummed in the air, or bird that made it vibrate with melody, but was to him a familiar friend. To this, we often heard him say, he attributed his boundless love for freedom, naturalness and simplicity, his utter dread and detestation of all tyranny and oppression, and especially his strong dislike and opposition to all doctrines that discredit the claims of Nature, or that are not in full harmony with her divine revelations.

The intellectual and cultivated society which he found at an early age among the literary people that frequented his father's and grandfather's dwellings, was increased by the addition of the students in his father's law-office, among whom the boy always remembered with peculiar gratitude Horace Mann, who evinced then that affectionate interest in childhood which afterward led him—when other ties were broken—to make the children of the whole State his family, and to become the great apostle of education and common schools. At this time the boy's fondness for books grew to be a passion ; and such was his entire concentration and absorption of mind in the volume before him, that to arouse him from his abstracted state it was often necessary to shake him to get him to his meals ; and he read with avidity books generally regarded as suited only to those of riper years. And so still and quiet was the little invalid, that he seldom spoke above a whisper, or uttered more than monosyllables except on great occasions. When teased to leave his book by his sister, older than himself, for play, he was obliged to appeal against her to the housekeeper or servants, that he might be left to read in peace. This stillness was owing, probably, partly to his living and associating with those much older than himself, at a time when it was the stern precept " that children

should be seen and not heard," and partly to the effect of pain and weakness. At a later period in life his friends were disposed to complain of an excessive fluency and rapidity of utterance—of an over-talkativeness, rather than of any silence on the part of our friend, whose ready reply to all attacks on the subject of his garrulity was, "Remember that the first fourteen years of my life I hardly spoke at all, and I have all that time to make up."

When yet but a child of a few years, it was a source of great satisfaction to him to gather other children in a very large drawing-room in a distant part of the mansion, that was seldom used, and there, dressed out in ministerial robes imitated for the occasion, to conduct a solemn service. From that time he looked forward always to preaching as his profession, was often dubbed "the little minister," and pious old friends of the family looked forward with hope to the time when they should see him in the pulpit. Though his father was a worshiper at a Unitarian church, the son early in life became interested in a "revival," so-called, in which his religious feelings were more excited than ever before, yet even at that time the reason was so much developed that he could not receive the popular doctrine of the atonement.

This was at the close of his sixth year, and though he had not learned to write as yet, on retiring at an early hour each night, he accustomed himself to compose little hymns and sacred poems, which he sang by himself in the morning before rising. One day he repeated one of those poems to some playmates of his sister, and they begged it for a "composition" to take to school. The teacher immediately took a peculiar interest in the productions of the young rhymester, whose father had given a poem on graduating from Cambridge, and also a poem as well as an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that institution. Thinking, perhaps, that the child might yet make something, though so feeble and sickly, the fond father favored the child's muse. Thus much pleasure was derived by the family and friends

from the boy's early drawings, verses and music. Placed under the tuition of a neighboring minister to fit for college, the same propensities, with an increased love of rambling in the fields and woods, accompanied him; and next to writing rhymes to the fair daughters of his teacher, he rejoiced in singing and leading the choir at the village church. At the age of twelve his class was fitted to enter Cambridge, but an attack of bleeding from the lungs compelled him to give up the hope of going with his companions, and he was forced to leave his studies for a while, and spend several months in recreation. At school, though an easy linguist, we learned from his venerable teacher that he was most distinguished for the zest with which he pursued his algebra and other mathematics, and for the extraordinary quickness and pleasure he manifested in solving difficult problems.

On entering college he was the youngest and smallest in the class—though exceedingly fond of natural science, he was most remarkable for his deep and earnest investigations in mental philosophy. While pursuing with his class the college studies and the various modern languages, with their literature—and gaining quite a distinction among his fellows as a writer—he was most interested in reading such writers as Goethe, and the metaphysical works of Cousin in French, and of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, etc., in German. He had little sympathy with the philosophy of Locke and Paley, whose works were then the college text-books, as his consciousness of innate ideas made him opposed to the materialism of the former, and his devotion to the eternal and unchangeable Right led him to condemn the system of policy and expediency advocated by the latter, and he never ceased to battle those systems and their supporters in whatever form or disguise they appeared. The opinions and theories that have been more recently known under the name of "Transcendentalism," Spiritualism, the new philosophy, Emersonism, Parkerism, and which, thus early in his career, Mr. Richardson commenced to advocate; were then strange and startling to the minds of all.

Emerson had not begun to write or lecture, nor Parker to preach; Goethe was an unknown mystery in this country, and the works of Cousin, Kant, Hegel, etc., were to the American public sealed books. His devotion to what was then an entirely new and unpopular philosophy with scholars generally, made him the subject of severe animadversion, and got him the name of "infidel" and "heretic," and afterward, by way of opprobrium, the new title of "Transcendentalist;" but still the boy kept on his course, faithful to his own convictions, though growing daily more sad and lonely, till the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's most original and earliest work, "Sartor Resartus"—of which he wrote the first review published in this country—and of Emerson's "Nature," gave the sad and quiet youth to feel that he was not wholly alone, and to weep tears of grateful joy at finding that there were at least some around him who could sympathize with him, and who dared to utter sentiments which, however unpopular they might be, his earnest convictions compelled him to hold dear.

Somewhere about this time he aided in collecting from various reviews and magazines "Carlyle's Miscellanies," which were published under Mr. Emerson's editorial supervision, first in this country; and he wrote articles for the Democratic Review, and other journals, giving his views on modern philosophy and kindred topics. He still continued to be a great reader, an almost omnivorous devourer of books, whether of science, history, romance, ethics, or philosophy. We have learned from his college companions that there was hardly a book or an edition that could be named with which he was not familiar. This led to his being chosen librarian of the oldest of the club libraries—that of the Institute of 1770—Secretary of the Davy Club—a society of natural science—and of the Harvard Union; and this, and his connection with musical and other associations, as President of the College choir, called around him a circle of peculiarly gifted and brilliant young men. Such was the magnetic influence of his mind, that we have heard it asserted that, among all his in-

timate companions and friends, there never was a single individual who did not come, sooner or later, to sympathize earnestly with him in his views and philosophy. In the middle of his collegiate course he was again brought to the very door of death by the bursting of a blood-vessel; this compelled him for a time entirely to abandon his studies, and such was the prostration produced by great depletion, loss of blood and low regimen, that for years he walked on the brink, as it were, of the grave, suffering continual anguish from violent spasms, pain, and weakness; and though in later years he was full of buoyant life, health, and activity, he confined himself to the simplest and most meager diet, never drinking anything for years but cold water.

The great central principles of Mr. Richardson's philosophy—the universal inspiration, divine origin and glorious destiny of man—led him, while yet a boy, to take an earnest interest in those great movements of philanthropic reform, at that time just commencing, which assert the dignity and worth of man, and whose object is to free, elevate, and advance mankind toward the final condition of harmony and brotherhood. In every position, and under all circumstances, he proved himself a devoted advocate of the great principles of temperance, freedom, peace, and universal democracy. At an early stage of the anti-slavery and temperance enterprises, he endured his full share of the persecution that in various forms was inflicted upon their disciples.

Although his college life was so much broken in upon by illness and consequent weakness, yet it was not without its fruits. The interest with which his lectures before college societies, and his other dissertations, were listened to, and with which his youthful efforts in verse and prose in the College Magazine, which he helped to edit, were read, indicated already a power to impress the minds of others, which gave promise of future influence and distinction. On graduating, he gave the parting ode or poem—a printed copy of which gives evidence of the imagination and poetical genius of the

youthful author. It commences with the following lines, expressive of the sadness of the separation which the occasion involved :—

“ A shadow steals across the sun,
And dims our morning sky ;
A tear bedims the light of joy
That gladdened every eye.
The echoing tones of mirth no more
Our hearts with rapture fill ;
The laugh of brighter hours is hush'd—
The festal song is still.”

In the year immediately preceding his graduation—a time of uncommon commercial distress and ruin—his father, then the largest real estate owner in his county perhaps, by the dishonesty of a land agent, the loss of factories by fire, and the universal financial pressure, found himself so much involved as to be compelled to exercise the greatest economy, and he doubtless would have failed, had it not been for the credit of his great integrity, as he was generally known by the *sobriquet* of “ the honest lawyer.” These circumstances prevented our friend from pursuing his travels abroad, as had been the practice in the family and with his young associates, and compelled him to give up his poetic pursuit of belles-lettres, music, art, and æsthetics, and forego literary dilettanteism in general, and devote himself to the hard, stern labors of life. And from that time forth the puny and delicate boy, nursed in indolent luxury, who had never lifted a finger to work, gave up his ideal life, and entered without sigh or murmur on his course of severe practical duty, which he never suspended, even for leisure to take breath and begin anew, regarding this necessity as the greatest blessing that ever befell him. At first he was employed as clerk of the county courts, whose archives and folios, recorded in his plain, neat hand, may still be seen. He was soon engaged, however, as principal of an academy in New Hampshire, and afterward near Providence, Rhode Island, with three assistant female teachers, in the same capacity.

But we should do him great wrong to say that he sacrificed for a moment his ideal, or forgot those great principles of a liberal, humane, and divine philosophy—the great eternal truths of man's divinity, which were always dearer to him than life. Amid all his other duties he considered the dissemination of these truths to be the one great purpose of his life. So, in spite of obloquy, reproach, and persecution, the stigma of zealots and the hatred of bigots, he never ceased nor slackened to promulgate while living—through books and readings, by conversations, lectures, and letters—these views so precious to his own soul, so essential to the progress of the world. It is remarkable not only that every intimate companion and friend of his, at whatever period of his life, by some mental magnetism became a partaker of his cherished views, but that in every place where he resided for any length of time, his views were respected. The writer is not aware that Mr. Richardson found time to prepare any comprehensive statement of his "Philosophy of Humanity." This much, however, we may gather from his published writings :

His God is the universal spirit or life of the world ; in essence, truth ; in thought, wisdom ; in feeling or relation, love ; in character, holiness and goodness ; in action, justice and mercy ; in manifestation, the perfection of beauty.

That every human soul is divine—an embryo angel ; an image of all loveliness ; an epitome of God with the germs of his divine attributes. In other words, that every soul has an innate love and perception of truth, holiness, justice, goodness and beauty.

That all men, in every age of the world, are inspired of God, whatever be their race, nationality, color or condition.

That God holds the same relation in every respect to man, and man to God, at the present time, as in the beginning, and through every previous period in human history.

That no nation, whether Hebrew, Roman, Chinese, or American, can claim any peculiar relation to the impartial Divinity—the universal Father—who is no respecter of persons,

and whose inspiration, according to an ancient writing, gives all men understanding.

That ancient prophets and apostles, modern priests and preachers, are not necessarily more truly or divinely inspired than other men, though some may have *trusted* and used this inspiration more than others.

And that writings of men of the present day are as much dictated by the divine Spirit as any older Scriptures, and are as holy, good, and useful in their teachings; that the writings of the followers of Jesus, during the eighteen centuries of the "Christian dispensation," are *as much* inspired of God as those of the followers of Moses during the first fifteen centuries of "the Mosaic dispensation."

That the divinest revelation in any age, is that which is most adapted to the wants, and most fitted to reformation and improvement of that age.

That the divinely beautiful Jesus was but a fuller manifestation of the Spirit, trusting more entirely to its teachings; a more obedient son; "an elder brother;" but that all are with him Sons of God and divinely taught.

That hence, whatever be the excellency and the divinity of other teachings, each human soul finds in itself—in the voice of God, and the utterances of reason and conscience—the truest guide, the highest and most authoritative teaching.

That all men being thus equally God's children, and inspired of him, should be recognized politically, ecclesiastically, and socially, as equals and as brothers.

That the true state is a Democracy. That the true government is individual—of the divine Soul; that the true church is that of Humanity, and includes all men, poor and rich, low and high, wise and foolish, saint and sinner, in its fold.

That the mission of Jesus and the true Church is one of present human salvation; enfranchisement from the woes and sufferings of poverty, ignorance, disease, vice, and crime; the building up of a divine kingdom on earth. That the only true education is the development of the highest faculties of the

God-inspired soul ; that education and learning are useful as means of development, and as a confirmation of the higher wisdom of the spirit's teaching ; that the truest religion is the unselfish aspiration of the soul after divine things, the effort of the life after the essential harmony and the noblest practical uses ; and that the soul progresses eternally in the higher spheres of the Spirit-world.

These views, together with the tenderness and humanity of his nature, that led him, at an early period of life, not only to interest himself in the development of thought in those about him, but to give his time and means to the education of the young. In this way, too, he was materially assisted in disseminating the great principles of "the spiritual philosophy." In the bosom of the lovely and accomplished family of which his three assistant teachers were members, and where also some fifteen of his pupils, both male and female, resided, with the patronage of many of the finest families in Rhode Island as well as neighboring and distant States, he spent some of the happiest years of his life.

Subsequently Mr. Richardson returned to the University of Cambridge, where he spent three years more in theological and philosophical investigations ; often, when engaged in examination of some important subject, studying eighteen hours a day. On leaving his studies, though receiving several highly flattering invitations to settle in the vicinity, his desire of promulgating his views in a new field led him to Connecticut, where he was ordained by Drs. Dewey, Lamson, Parkman, and other eminent divines of the Unitarian Congregational Order, in the picturesque manufacturing village of Southington. His peculiar views and earnest enthusiasm excited such attention and interest, not only in that but in the neighboring towns, that his church edifice soon became crowded with hearers. Two years after his ordination, when leaving his first parish to become pastor of the First Congregational Society of Haverhill, Massachusetts, he carried the hearts of his people with him, and the tie of affection that

bound them together remained unbroken to the latest period of his life. He remained at Haverhill several years, preaching and lecturing before churches, lyceums, temperance and anti-slavery societies, attracting crowded assemblies by the utterance of his earnest convictions, and building up a large and substantial congregation.

At length a violent attack of influenza brought on his old affection of bleeding, and a severe inflammation in the chest, that prevented him from using his pen without extreme suffering. He thereupon resigned his pastoral relation, and retired to his paternal acres in Dedham, where he engaged himself in labors in the open air, particularly in laying out lawns and grounds, and in extensive planting of fruit-trees, shrubberies, hedges, and groves of forest trees. But he still continued to preach, to advocate temperance and human freedom, and to repeat his lyceum lectures in winter, beside contributing extensively to the periodical press of the country. Frequent calls from Albany, N. Y., Chelsea, near Boston—where Mr. Richardson was the instrument of building up a flourishing society—with invitations from Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., Greenfield, Kingston, and elsewhere in his native State, gave evidence of the interest awakened by his views of the great gospel of Humanity.

The chief elements of his success as a preacher were, first and foremost, a strong unquestioning faith in the truth of his views, that caused him to utter his convictions with the most intense earnestness. Add to this a graphic, picturesque style and a musical voice, and our description is sufficiently complete. Though bold, original, and spiritual in his ideas, he had nothing of that subtlety and mysticism in his thought so attractive to many minds, but was extremely clear and plain in his enunciation of truth. Besides numerous essays, poems, and a few magazine stories, Mr. Richardson published "Discourses on Theology and Religion;" "The Nature of Divine Revelation;" "The Relation of Religion and the Pulpit;" "A Plan for the Freedom of the Pulpit;" and "The Nature

of Sin and Evil." As an illustration of the capacity of his muse we submit the following stanzas on

GOD'S TRUE TEMPLE.

Not by vast piles of sculptured stone, uprearing
 Their massive towers and fretted spires on high,
 With splendid pomp and costly pride, appearing
 To scorn the poor and humble passer-by :

Not by the rich and swelling congregations
 That daily crowd the broad, luxurious aisles :
 Not by the pulpit's eloquent orations,
 And melody that sense and soul beguiles :

Not by most solemn rites, nor by receiving
 The holy bread and consecrated cup :
 Not by vain doctrines and long creeds believing,
 Do we the temple of our God build up.

For God's true temple is Humanity,
 That now unfinished and in ruin lies ;
 And would we its divine restorers be,
 And raise it up in glory to the skies ?

Wherever weep the enslaved, the poor, the lowly,
 Or fall the tempted, frail and sinful ones,
 There with a purpose high and spirit holy,
 We'll haste to succor these our Father's sons.

And inward purity and love combining,
 That Spirit fair which moved our blessed Lord,
 Shall build them up as stones, all fair and shining,
 Into a LIVING TEMPLE of our God.

Our friend often startled the drowsy religionists of his time by the annunciation of his radical views. Occasionally, even among the Unitarians—the most intelligent and cultivated of all the sects of Protestant Christendom—some conservative saint, whose cold and terrible sense of propriety still dominated over his love of truth, was shocked at the audacity of the preacher. As an illustration of his free handling of religious ideas, I extract the subjoined passage from a sermon delivered some twenty years ago, in Bridgeport, Conn. The writer was present, and the speaker's theme was

THE INSTINCT OF PROGRESS.

The soul outgrows all sects, all creeds, all philosophies ; it makes and unmakes them at its pleasure. They are but the cast-off skins of the caterpillar and the soul grows at every moulting. Thus it is not only natural, but noble and praiseworthy, to feel the vanity of our past opinions and past experiences ; to be discontented with what we have been, and what we are, and to reach forward to something higher and fairer in the future. And, however the stationary, unprogressive and bigoted may condemn and anathematize,—the world, in its inmost heart, cherishes those who enlarge the sphere of human knowledge,—its great thinkers and reformers,—its distinguished inventors, and its world-renowned discoverers, as the noblest of the race. Admiring posterity reverences their memory, and history, in its immortal records, deifies them as the heroes of the world. Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, with their new system of the Universe, and their new revelations of its laws, are held up to our admiration ; while the memory of their opponents or persecutors has fallen into quick decay. The fame of our American Channing grows with the growing years, and his glowing words of new and higher truth are extending throughout the civilized world ; while the old drivellers of ancient and moldy creeds, who were so bitterly hostile to his teachings, are dying out of our memory with their decaying faith. And Columbus, who left an old world to seek a new, is held in deathless remembrance ; while the nameless navigators, who remained behind, are buried in oblivion. The history of Socrates is immortal ; yet will you tell me who were his poisoners, and what their occupations ? And can you repeat to me the names of those old Pharisees who crucified Jesus ?

Praise me not then for my adherence to a time-worn faith, or an ancient and fashionable theology ; for the fixedness of my views and the unchangeableness of my opinions. Blame me rather for my want of mental activity and spiritual advancement. Commend in me no false consistency ;—the consistency of remaining always the same in my opinions, theories, and belief. *The only true and worthy consistency is that of constant improvement, perpetual never-ending progress.* If I am to be respected and applauded for anything, I would be for that. In all things but theology man dares always to desire the new. The pious old lady loves the new cap-crowned bonnet, but, strange to

say, she hates and curses the new and higher and purer Religion. Away with your old theories, your antiquated notions that the world is rapidly outgrowing; that the true soul has already outgrown. Away with your moldy philosophy, your tattered creed, your musty system of ethics and philosophy. I will be fettered no longer by your parties, your sects, your leaders and chief-priests, or by *your tyrannic* "POPULAR OPINION." I will be no longer tied down by your formulas and dogmas, by your antiquated customs and conventional usages—

"Old opinions, rags and tatters,
Get you gone—Get you gone!"

I will be henceforth free to think, to speak, to act,—free to follow the truth, untrammelled by human fashion, unfettered by ancient systems. I have always found, that when I trembled for the results of mental freedom, and feared that new views and new theories would bring destruction in their train, that my still beclouded mind was troubled by some scarecrow of old superstition, or frightened by some bugbear phantom of ancient error, or time-honored absurdity. Then let old opinions be exploded, let ancient systems perish, but let the new spring up more vigorously from their decaying beds, till man be enfranchised forever.

We have only space for a single additional illustration of Mr. Richardson's style as a writer of verse. The poem from which the following stanzas are selected originally appeared in the old Knickerbocker, and were entitled

YOUTH AND NATURE.

There's a light gone out of the sunshine,
A glory from the day;
The stars are dimmer to my sight,
The moon, that hushed the holy Night,
And filled my soul with calm delight,
Hath lost its ancient ray.

The brook, with its veined pebbles
And its painted muscle-shell;
The delicate mosses on the brink,
The crystals within the rocky chink,

The feathery ferns that stooped to drink—
All sights that I loved so well.

With the breath of the apple-blossoms,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Which the starry buttercups illumine ;
The violet's far-diffused perfume,
And the glory of the roses' bloom,
Have passed from my life away.

And the voices of the Spring-time
Carol no more to me ;
Nor, singing on its stony bed,
The brook, by hidden fountains fed,
Answers the robin overhead
With the old melody.

Mr. Richardson was for many years a firm defender of Spiritualism, believing in the near relation of the soul to the great Spirit, and its intimate connection with higher spheres of being ; advocating the principles of this philosophy, and topics akin to it, with earnest thought, and with fearless utterance of pen and tongue. When other clergymen, who secretly entertained the same views, stifled their convictions, defamed the truth, and made the ministerial profession a solemn masquerade, our friend—too frank and conscientious to conceal the truth—was always outspoken and manly in its defense. His mind was too free and his moral nature too exalted to bow at the dicta of ecclesiastical authority. Others were left to trim their sails to the popular breeze. They might follow the Christ of Spiritualism afar off, and even run away from the honest disciples, to avoid the suspicion of being one of the number ; but Mr. Richardson made the weak cause his own. While nervous and dyspeptic saints still lived on the thin gruel of popular pulpit instruction, the boldest truth was never too strong for his own manly nature.

Ever ready to espouse the cause of the weak against the strong, our truly sympathetic and self-sacrificing friend never hesitated to shield the feeble and the fallen, and to aim well-

directed and heavy blows against their oppressors. In our experience of over half a century we have met with few men at once so spontaneous, so unselfish, and so true to the claims of Humanity. The ignorant, the destitute, and all who were in circumstances of trial and suffering, found immediate access to an open hand and a generous heart. There are ministers—and we have observed them—men prone to pious shifts and economical subterfuges, who instinctively close the palm on a slippery shilling while pronouncing a benediction, and with whom godliness and gain are strangely identified. On the contrary, in the mind of James Richardson, they sustained no possible relation. He was never known to offer a tract where a coat was needed, nor to propose Scripture lessons and prayer to a hungry man.

The dissemination of the great principles of a rational, humane, and spiritual philosophy was to Mr. Richardson infinitely before all gain, emolument, and worldly honor. Most men are chiefly anxious to help themselves in this world, whatever may be the consequences to others. It was not so with the subject of this sketch. If any one needed assistance he could never approach our friend in vain. While others put fashionable clothes and labels on their small thoughts, and sold them as hucksters peddle their trifles, his bold ideas were free as air, and the services of a true friend and brother were never wanting in his presence. He was well-nigh unjust to himself in his generosity to others. His door opened at the coming of the humblest human being; and a kind word always greeted the stranger. His voice, his manner, and his smile were invitations to the poorest wretch on earth; and light and warmth, like aromatic airs and summer sunshine, radiated in all directions from the presence of this true man and loving brother.

We made the acquaintance of Mr. Richardson in 1852, while engaged in publishing the SHEKINAH, and we found in him a most efficient assistant in the preparation of the contents of that Magazine. His free thought and ripe scholar-

ship are happily illustrated in several of the more important papers contributed to that work. Indeed, in all our intercourse with mankind we have found no one more ready to aid his fellows, even when his generous coöperation involved the neglect of his own affairs. His earnest labors in behalf of others were always accompanied by a warm and manly sympathy, at once spontaneous and magnetic. Wherever he went, the darkness—of ignorance and poverty, transgression and sorrow—was illuminated by a spirit genial as summer sunshine; and even the fallen and abandoned were upheld by his moral courage, and the compassionate and forgiving spirit that robs hell of its victims and bears them up to heaven.

The benevolent instincts of his willing mind and loving heart led Mr. Richardson—after the commencement of the Rebellion—to Washington and to the national hospitals. There among the wounded, worn, and wasted soldiers, he spent the closing period of his life, in such humane labors and gentle ministries as have most signalized the world's greatest philanthropists. His constant care and labor; the want of necessary repose; and, above all, his intense and irrepressible sympathy for the sufferers around him, proved too much for his physical constitution. At length his diminished strength gave way, and his career on earth soon terminated. He was as truly a hero and a martyr, in the great cause of the Union, as those who were translated from the tented field, or resigned their spirits in the delirium of battle.

Our friend has left us the treasure of his good name, and pleasant memories of the noble and beautiful uses to which his life was devoted. If the conqueror has a right to preserve his trophies; if the patriot cannot but love his native soil; if the classic traveler reverently uncovers his head when he stands by the cold altars of the buried nations; and even thoughtless men speak solemnly—with hushed voices, in the deserted halls of their fathers—surely it cannot be unbecoming to foster the memory of good men, and to tread lightly above the ashes their deathless spirits have consecrated.

ERRORS IN BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

THE reasoning faculties are most especially neglected in all the prevalent systems of education ; and yet the results of their direct cultivation are far nobler than anything that results from merely literary culture, or from filling the storehouse of memory with the intellectual matter called learning. In the most persistent effort to give the reasoning faculties their due prominence in education by a Socratic method of teaching, an original and philanthropic teacher in London has succeeded in rendering some of the ragged boys of the streets more proficient in political economy than the average mass of English legislators.

There must in time be a system of rational education, which, among its other merits, will develop those reasoning and creative powers of the mind, by which all our progress has heretofore been effected. At present no such culture is embraced in *even the ideals* of education. The power of truthful reasoning requires an elimination of all disturbing influences—a moral as well as intellectual discipline, which destroys all prepossession or bias, and leaves the reasoning power as nicely poised to weigh the balance of evidence as the scales of the analytic chemist.

Such reasoning is seldom found. In politics, in theology, in history, in literature generally, it is almost unknown. Even in those strongly argumentative essays which rivet our attention by their force of statement and ingenuity of deduction, we recognize rather the strength and plausibility of the bewildering advocate arguing to a foregone conclusion, than the clearness, the candor and simplicity of the true philoso-

pher, who has looked to every source of information and given to every fact its proper relative importance.

To the popular mind the lucid truth, briefly and simply expressed by the highest order of intellect, is far less impressive and imposing than the very learned, elaborate and ingenious arguments by which minds of a lower order, but of greater ambition and animal force, overwhelm and impress the astonished reader, only to leave him confirmed in falsehood or lost in doubt.

There is, however, one department of human activity in which the majestic sway of Reason is acknowledged, and from which every rebel and rioter is expelled—from which passion and selfish partisanship are driven out when recognized, and the disorderly power of imagination is generally though not always kept under rigid discipline. That department is PHYSICAL SCIENCE ; and from her stronghold in this department the sway of Reason must ere long extend into the more lawless regions of moral and social science.

I do not mean to say that all scientists are true philosophers—far from it. But in the domain of science the authority of Reason has by the slow progress of many centuries become firmly established, and scientists in general, by their devotion to science, become *pro tanto* philosophic or at least logical. And although this discipline does not entirely remove the vicious effects of an irrational education, or of congenital imperfection, it so far overcomes these evils, that scientists as a class are conceded to be the only class of the community from whom we can expect a rational and thorough investigation of any of the great problems of sociology and government.

Such being the case, it is obvious that the influence of the scientific mind and of scientific research upon the controlling powers of society must be greater and greater as the world progresses, and the time must come when Reason shall dominate over all realms of human thought, and influence if not control all human action.

But while scientists are eminently the rational class of

society—they are not necessarily philosophers, for philosophy embraces all sciences and their relations, and is not to be found in the circumscribed domains of purely physical science.

Such is the imperfection of human nature, that when we become thoroughly familiar with any department of knowledge, we cannot readily enter into sympathy with another department in which new facts, new relations and new principles are found. As the mature Englishman in studying French, or the mature Frenchman in acquiring English, necessarily begins by making many ludicrous blunders, and perhaps never fully acquires all the idioms and peculiarities of pronunciation, so we observe that the devotees of any science seldom succeed at first in transferring their inquiries to departments very remote from their own. They are not aware of the new principles and new data which are familiar to experts in that department, nor can they conceive the necessity of the new methods of reasoning to which they have not been accustomed. Hence, with all honesty and earnestness of purpose, their best efforts are ludicrous failures. The Englishman who persists in speaking French with the tones and idioms of his own language is an amusing spectacle to Frenchmen, though the ridiculousness of the proceeding may be entirely imperceptible to his countrymen, who know no language but their own. In like manner the experts in psychological science cannot but be greatly amused at the clumsy efforts of certain scientists (Faraday and Tyndall) to discuss or dogmatize upon psychological subjects with far less knowledge of the matter than the Englishman possesses of French who has just learned to pronounce the French alphabet. To the multitude, however, who have some smattering of physical science, but no knowledge of psychology, the professor is by no means a ludicrous figure—even in the coarsest exhibition of his ignorance of matters which he has not investigated.

The moral difficulty in such cases is the lack of proper modesty on the part of the scientist—an overweening idea of the all-embracing character of his own department and of his

own ability as the expounder of one science to dogmatize upon another without regard to the accumulated knowledge of experts who are already familiar with that department.

In this, however, the scientist is no greater offender than others against the dictates of modesty and true philosophy. He but imitates on a smaller scale the arrogance of theologians who have dogmatized in science without comprehension or faithful study of its principles. The error of the theologian or metaphysician consists in applying to physical sciences the irrelevant conceptions derived from another, and perhaps higher, department of knowledge or speculation. But the error of the scientist consists in applying to Biology and Psychology *utterly irrelevant* notions, derived from Dynamics and Chemistry, to the disregard of the relevant Biological and Psychological facts.

The limits assigned to this essay forbid a reference to the numerous instances of this violation of the spirit of Philosophy—which constitute a large part of the history of Physiology and Psychology. In the former the struggles of rational physiology against absurd mechanical and chemical hypotheses are recorded in several thousand volumes which are gradually sinking into oblivion. But the struggle is still going on. Vitalism is still assailed by the devotees of chemistry and mechanics, in a resolute effort to reduce the phenomena of life to purely mechanical and chemical laws, and thereby destroy the substantive existence of mind—in other words to *ignore* the facts of vital science and transfer the formulæ and principles of physical science to facts in a higher realm, to which they have no application.

To assert that matter and motion constitute mind is too flagrant an absurdity to be openly advocated at present. But all systems that ignore mind as a positive entity are compelled by a thorough analysis to disclose as their basic principle the proposition that *motion is mind*.

At present the form in which this proposition is disguised is that of a correlation between caloric and mind. It is no

better evasion of the *reductio ad absurdum* than any other mechanical hypothesis, but it suits the present mood of some few physiological inquirers, and the present fashions of science and sciolism, which tolerate any crude mechanical theory of life, but forbid all examination of those facts of cerebral and psychological science which are grandly wonderful because they embrace the mysteries of life.

To prove that man is a mere machine, the power of which may be calculated like that of a steam-engine by the amount of fuel burnt, and that heat is mysteriously transformed into force in the muscles, and into thought in the brain, seems to be the highest aim of some speculative physiologists. Rigidly logical as they are in the statement of facts and repetition of experiments, they become wildly speculative when their mechanical theory of life is concerned.

A late writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (F. Papillon) states very clearly the mechanical theory—as follows :

“From the point of view of the relation between heat and motion, the living being may thus be compared to an inanimate motor, as a steam-engine. In both cases heat is engendered by combustion and transformed into mechanical work by a system of organs more or less complex. In both cases it is at first in a state of tension, and yields motion in proportion as it is demanded for the performance of certain work. Only the living being is the far more perfect machine. While the best made steam-engines utilize only $\frac{1}{100}$ of the disposable force, the muscular system of man according to Hirn accounts for $\frac{1}{100}$. On the other hand the animated motor has this peculiarity—that its sources of heat and its mechanical arrangements are intimately commingled ; that its heat is produced by organs in motion, with a sort of general diffusion ; and that the machine itself becomes in turn transformed within itself into heat ; an incredible complication, of which science has succeeded in unraveling the simple laws only by dint of the united efforts and resources of physics, chemistry and biology.

“As some physiologists hold, heat must not only be the source of motion in the system, but must also undergo transformation into nervous activity. The functional action of the brain must be a labor,

exactly like that of the *biceps*. *Mind itself should be regarded as engendered by heat.* Late experiments by Valentin, Lombard, Byasson, and especially Schiff, would seem to prove, it is thought, that there is a proportional and constant relation between the energy of nervous functions and the heat of the parts in which they are effected. Gavarret boldly concludes from his researches that heat has the same relations to the nervous system that it has to the muscular system; only in the case of the muscles, the force produced exhibits itself externally by visible phenomena, while in that of the nerves it is exhausted internally in profound molecular action, which eludes any exact measurement. A given sum of heat developed in the system would thus be on one side a mechanical equivalent and on the other a psychological equivalent. Gavarret, who is a cautious *savant*, and true to experimental methods, doubtless does not go so far as to maintain that *thought and feeling can be estimated in heat units*. He even asserts that there is no common measure between intelligence and heat; but less timid physiologists are not wanting who *reduce every kind of vital manifestation to the strict laws of thermodynamics.*"

M. Papillon himself rejects these errors without any very definite reason, but as they embody as flagrant blunders in biology as the Englishman ever made in his first efforts at French, it is worth while to demolish such speculations and to teach such speculators that they cannot reduce the science of life to the science of dynamics. Indeed this kind of sciolism is so wide-spread and fashionable at present, it will require no small amount of labor in the diffusion of biological information to arrest its pernicious influence.

The analogy stated between man and the steam-engine is utterly delusive. In the engine, heat directly produces motion and is consumed in producing it. The amount of power is just in proportion to the amount of heat. In man, heat never directly produces movement at all. On the contrary, heat relaxes the muscles and directly tends to the destruction of muscular power, while cold gives tone to the muscular system. Hot climates give the ascendancy to the nervous system, at the expense of the muscular (the two being antag-

onistic in their vital relations), while cold climates benumb the nervous system and give predominance to muscular power.

If heat were consumed in producing muscular motion, exercise would have a *cooling* influence, whereas it invariably and immediately increases the amount of heat. If the dynamic theory were true a patient in fever would speedily be cooled by setting him to work to consume a portion of his heat in muscular exertion ; but no mechanical theorist is insane enough to propose such a remedy for fever or for excessive heat.

There is *not a particle of evidence* that heat is consumed in producing muscular force. The consumption of caloric, or rather the demand for it, is proportioned to its expenditure by radiation and conduction. In a cold climate, or with scanty clothing, more rich food is required to produce caloric by its combustion in the body. In a climate at the temperature of 96° to 99° no caloric is expended by conduction or radiation, and little food is needed to generate heat—hence the appetite declines, and if the caloric were not carried off rapidly by perspiration and the exhalations from the lungs, the appetite would utterly fail. Hence in a hot climate perspiration is necessary to health and life. If it be suppressed when we are exposed to the sun a sunstroke is almost certain to ensue.

Caloric in the animal body is like water,—it furnishes the necessary conditions of softness and fluidity for chemical and vital action, and they are continually regenerated or taken in to supply the losses by exhalation and conduction. They furnish mechanical and chemical conditions, but nothing more, and might be properly compared to the lubricants of the steam-engine.

Vital force is generated in the nervous system, and this simple elementary truth in physiology is grossly disregarded by the mechanical speculators. The source of that vital force is the reaction continually in progress in a liquid medium between the red globules of the blood (the carriers of oxygen)

and the ganglion globules of the cerebro-spinal and sympathetic systems. This is the ultimate fact of human life at present.

The nerve-cell has its own attributes, according to its location, form, and invisible peculiarities of structure: in its vital action, which is both psychological and physiological, the invisible spirit power, which we know in ourselves by consciousness, participates, according to laws which have heretofore eluded human research. That the activity of the vital processes in thought should sometimes be associated with an exaltation of temperature does not indicate the temperature as their cause, any more than an occasional tear would prove that the brain is a machine propelled by water. It is not true that there is any proportion between mental action and calorification; many of our faculties, especially those of a generous and energetic character, produce an increase of heat, but others, especially such as fear and anxiety, have a decidedly chilling effect—the effects in each case being produced by their controlling power over the nerves and circulation.

The analogy to the steam-engine utterly fails when examined. The amount of fuel determines the power of the steam-engine, but the amount of food does not determine either the mental or physical power of the man. *Food does not directly make power*—it simply repairs waste of tissue, and the most perfect and powerful specimens of humanity are those men of heroic mould in whom the tissues are most highly vitalized, tough, healthy and hardy, in whom the waste or disintegration is at its minimum, and the demand for food is moderate. Such men as KOSSUTH, who, under the terrible excitement of the Hungarian revolution, ate but one meal a day, are infinitely more efficient than the gluttons who gorge themselves four times in the twenty-four hours. I have never seen any human being in whom the brain had such an intensity of action as in Kossuth.

The truth is, *food is not a criterion of power*, but rather of weakness. It is the patchwork of life, and he who is weakest

needs the most frequent patching and repairing. The infant must be fed often—but the power of abstinence increases as the constitution matures, and reaches its maximum in the hero.

The steam-engine furnishes no proper analogy to life. The only physical illustration applicable will be found in fire and flame, which, like the animal, are supported by the atmosphere, and which destroy the material used, giving off heat and light from the fire and flame, as the living body displays life and mind.

The analogy in this case is close—all life is maintained, like fire and flame, by the oxygen of the atmosphere, in which is a boundless magazine of imponderables, that are liberated in combustion or oxidation, and become the motive powers of life. The subtler forms of these imponderables have not yet been grasped or analyzed by science.

The heat-machine theory of life, which hardly deserves a scientific refutation, as it comes chiefly from mere chemists who are not physiologists, or from sciolists who delight in easy hypotheses, is entirely incompatible with the fact that vital processes evolve instead of consuming heat. The muscle is heated by contraction and the head is slightly warmed by study or by active emotion.

There is no evidence of any consumption of heat by vital processes. The total production of caloric by combustion in the body is needed to keep it warm and supply the loss of heat by exhalation, conduction and radiation.

The usual allowance of farinaceous and nitrogenous food for men in public institutions (prisons, asylums, and barracks, in England and the United States) gives us a fair basis for calculating the amount of heat that can possibly be produced in the human body. The combustion of the carbon and hydrogen in this food, after making proper deductions for loss by urea and fæcal matter, would furnish from ten to twelve thousand units of heat daily; twelve thousand might be assumed as a fair estimate for persons active and well fed, in the prime of life. Of this it requires about five thousand units to supply the loss of heat by transpiration of watery vapor from the skin and

lungs, leaving only seven thousand units to maintain the heat of the body in a colder medium, and to heat the 360 cubic feet of cold air which are passed through the lungs in 24 hours.

This estimate is sustained by experimental researches. According to Andral and Gavarret, the average pulmonary exhalation of carbon by an adult is 8 ounces troy, which corresponds to the production of 9,333 units of caloric,—about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. additional, according to Prof. Scharling, represents the carbon burnt and exhaled through the skin,—making a total of 9,566 units, to which we may add the calorific power of the hydrogen burnt and discharged as water (in addition to that which combines with the nitrogen and oxygen of the food), which increases by fifteen per cent. the total calorification, making 10,966 units, one-half of which is carried off in watery vapor from the skin and lungs.

Moreover, as it is estimated that nitrogen equal in amount to $\frac{1}{78}$ of the oxygen consumed is regularly exhaled, the conversion of the solid nitrogen of the food into the gaseous form is another process for the consumption of heat.

That the sole purpose of the evolution of caloric in the body is to maintain its temperature is shown by the fact that the combustion of carbon and evolution of heat are strictly proportioned to the coldness of the medium in which we live, and our consequent loss of heat. A very small amount of unstimulating food sustains life in tropical climates—but large amounts of the richest food are required to sustain the vital combustion in arctic climates. At the wintry temperature of 32° , animals evolve from two to three times as much caloric (as shown by the exhalation of carbonic acid) as at a high summer temperature. This shows how large an amount of heat passes off from the surface of the body into the atmosphere, for in winter the transpiration of moisture from the skin is at its minimum.

The human constitution might as well be compared to a machine propelled by water as to a heat engine. Water and caloric are equally necessary and answer similar purposes in maintaining the tissues in the state which admits of chemical

and vital action. Water and caloric are largely generated in the body, in the oxidation of hydrogen, and serve alike to maintain the tissues in an active state while retained, until they are discharged into the air, going mainly together in their discharge as watery vapor.

The currency of these fanciful hypotheses of life shows how little is known by the educated classes generally of Biology and Psychology. The midnight darkness which invests the science of the brain in our colleges, and the prevalent ignorance of such subjects in society, account for the popularity of such specimens of brilliant superficiality and chimerical speculation as Figuiet's "To-morrow of Death," and Hinton's brilliantly superficial treatise on "Life in Nature," which has even won the commendation of Professor Youmans' "Popular Science Monthly" by its pleasing style, and has been greatly bepraised by the unscientific literary periodicals.

Mr. Hinton, who writes more like a liberal speculative clergyman than a physiologist or scientist, devotes himself to showing, not by any decisive facts or experiments, but by plausible analogies and vigorous declamation, that the actions of life are merely a process of decomposition; that the decomposition of a muscle causes its contraction; and the decomposition of the brain evolves thought. Such hypotheses, ingeniously presented, might greatly interest the mass of unscientific readers, but among well-educated medical men would hardly be honored with a serious refutation.

The science of life is a very tempting subject to speculators who, without making a single experiment or contributing a single new fact, are willing to furnish the world with hypotheses to solve every mystery.

Let it be understood, however, that Biological and Psychological sciences are cultivated fields, and not a vacant borderland through which every Quixotic adventurer from the adjacent realms of chemistry and metaphysics can ride at pleasure upon no better steed than a lean and starveling hypothesis.

AN ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THE veil that partially intercepts complete communication between the present sphere of human existence and the future, and that somewhat favors the doubt entertained by many thinking people concerning the reality of a future state of existence, is thought by some, and not a few, to be not altogether impenetrable to human perception. From the earliest ages, and among all nations, significant surmises have been afloat respecting a successor-life to this we now enjoy. Many have even contended that they have had not only dim glimpses through the texture ; but that clear, distinct, unmistakable views have abundantly demonstrated the actual existence of disembodied spirits or beings ; that they have positively seen these entities execute the performances which were recognizable only by the hearing faculty of others less gifted or favored, or merely by their sense of feeling.

Seers are admitted even by the Jewish record to have been of great antiquity. Oracles also, and exorcism were coeval with them. Accounts of noises and articulate sounds, as well as of physical manifestations, are no strangers to the historic page. Heathen before Christians, Catholics in common with Protestants, Chinese and Hebrews, depose uniform testimony to the fact. Homer and other Greek poets exhibit spiritual tableaux, vouch for oracular responses, utter prophetic intelligence, and describe life-like visions ; all emanations from the psychological department of Nature. Socrates seriously insists upon his intelligent demon, whom he deemed thoroughly capable to advise, to direct, and to control him in his daily and hourly conduct ; and we all justly admit him to have been a very sagacious and perceptive man, a firm believer in

immortality. Solomon and Jesus, and other Jews before and after them, exorcised demons; some using the name of Abraham for the purpose. Ignatius Loyola* and Martin Luther,† the Jesuit and the Protestant, and contemporaries, reposed full faith in spiritual existences, and their perceptible influence upon mortals and mundane affairs. In their time were ponderous and lighter articles of furniture roughly handled by invisible agencies, and strange articulations sounded within and without doors, besides veritable phantoms.‡ Columbus declares for a voice of instruction encouraging him to his mighty enterprise. Matthew Hale§ and Cotton Mather,¶ and John Wesley,||—the eminent jurist, the sincere theologian, and the honest Methodist, did not disagree in their affirmative views of the subject. They declare personal experience in the matter. They were repeatedly present as spectators; so were their predecessors just cited. These men, endowed with a competent share of prejudice, skepticism, intelligence, caution, and self-respect, were not convinced by one single narrated, or rumored, or even actual occurrence. They witnessed enough to constitute adequate evidence to gain their assent, and powerful enough to give them sufficient assurance to proclaim their belief in the demonstrated facts, so palpable to their vigilant and cultivated senses. More modern transactions have confirmed and riveted the actuality of what sacred and profane history had so emphatically alleged before. All these pretty strongly indicate that the veil is not impenetrable to the mental eye, if it is to the material organ; and that it is more or less opaque

* Born 1491. Died 1566.

† Born 1483. Died 1546.

‡ Like the spectre which the abstemious and vigilant Brutus saw and talked with, was that of Loyola to Marguerite after his decease; and of similar character have been others in more recent times.

§ Born A. D. 1600. Died 1676.

¶ Born 1653. Died 1728.

|| Born 1703. Died 1791.

or transparent to different individuals, precisely as are many other facts of science, art, or philosophy.

For centuries beyond the range of history or legend has reason been industriously throwing over into the illimitable and profound deep of the unexplored its many-barbed 'hook, baited with the numerous varieties of theory, hoping to angle up on the shore of humanity some positive facts establishing spiritual immortality. Some of those varieties have been more or less plausible; some pronounced and held as orthodox, substantiated by the voice of assumed authority. Even a species of induction has been dangled upon the hook,—induction from alleged resurrection or reanimation after absolute death. All these have served their day, and faded out like twilight from the sky.

Reason has selected the inanimate, though inspired chronometer, beating, moving, and proclaiming second, minute, and hour with exquisite nicety. She has inquisitively watched its life-like motion and its undeviating fidelity. She has curiously extracted pin after pin from its complex machinery, broken off cogs, dislodged wheels, snapped springs, and parted chains till the mechanism became irregular, crippled, at a silent pause; till the motive principle or engineer tottered, reeled, lost its foothold, and stepped off from its little platform, and merged itself among the vast infinity of principles saturating the universe. She has as curiously replaced the various parts in complete order, and witnessed the renewal of the active operations, with the reinstatement of the engineer upon his restored stage. Nor was it necessary to do this in the same shop, or in the same country, we might say, nor even on the same planet. It was as practicable in London or Pekin as in Paris or New York; on Neptune or on the remotest sidereal orbs of nature's empire as on the earth. But this was only inanimate mechanism, infiltrated with motion by the hand of man, which was itself guided by intelligence to place its parts in a proper position for motive principles or powers to operate upon; as he sets the arms and sails of the

windmill for the wind to whirl around, or the engine-piston for the steam to play against and move. It was organized inspiration.

This investigating faculty has also turned her attention to a higher order of organism,—from the domain of art to that of nature,—from the second-handed or mediate mechanism to the original or immediate, as it grew,—from the metallic structure to the animal, even to the constructive animal and insect. She has examined the ant, the spider, the wasp, the bee, the bird, the beaver, the marmot. She has observed each at its own peculiar employment; seen it live, breathe, and eat; noticed each in a languishing, confined, crippled, disabled condition from the dislocation of some one or more of its limbs; and witnessed the cessation of its active operations, as well as the pause or extinction of its vitality, its last spark of life eloquently proclaiming to the spectator, “It is finished.” So long as the organism was complete, the little subtle engineer or motive power was perched upon its tiny platform, and the usual routine continued in full play. When decomposition dismantled the fabric, that intelligent entity lost its foothold, as with the chronometer, or as does the musical air when the *Æolian* harp-string is broken.

She has followed the clew of nature’s unity of plan, and applied her researches to the orbs above and around us. Her mathematical calculations have assured her that more planets, suns, and comets, larger or smaller revolving bodies, of greater or less density, with different shapes, arranged at other distances from each other, and in more contracted or more expanded, more circular or more eccentric orbits, would derange the whole system, dash its magic connection, and confound the entire machinery in inextricable chaos; and that an adequate power and skill, by restoring them all to their original number, sizes, and positions, would again invite the motive governor to resume his station, and direct the complicated operations with their former harmony and order.

She has even approached a more difficult subject of in-

spection,—the structure of man, thus far, so far as we can judge, the highest specimen of nature's handiwork. She has seen him in his maturity, with all his faculties engaged, with all his physical energies in action. These have attained their zenith, become diseased, or injured, or debilitated, or worn-out and stagnated in their busy career. The tongue has become silent, the eye has become glazed, the pulse has halted ; and not even the signal of a sign to report the indwelling of any tenant, or any information left behind whither it has gone, any more than with the chronometer, the animal, or the unhinged universe. All that we gather is the significant intimation, "Deserted." Thus far only does Reason go in her legitimate sphere of observation.

She can push her inquiries into the domain of inference. She can analyze the *modus operandi* of Levenshew's grand discovery ; shut herself up in a darkened room on a cloudy day, and with slate and pencil compute the perturbations of the ocularly invisible Uranus, thereby carefully tracing, step by step, the phantom orbital line of the yet undiscovered Neptune,—then far below the horizon, beneath the calculator's feet, and intercepted from his eyesight, first, by the interposed earth ; secondly, by the actual invisibility of the orb on account of its remoteness ; thirdly, by the glare of daylight, even were it otherwise visible ; fourthly, by the dense clouds and mist overhead ; fifthly, by the shutters or curtains of the closed apartment ; and sixthly, by the near-sightedness of the investigating student,—till the very locality of that remote orb is designated to a brother astronomer for him to point his telescope thither and discern the object within the telescopic field ;—and from the process of that masterly achievement she can infer that the human faculty—which is competent to such a discovery under such remarkable circumstances, which is capable of tracing the orbit of an unknown and invisible body by its observed influences—is very probably similar in its nature or properties to the superior or supreme Faculty which originally designed and sketched the path-line upon

the profundity of space ; and that if that Faculty has lived so many centuries heretofore to construct, move, and direct that planet, also the Universe, it is immortal ; and the emanation therefrom being homogeneous, is quite likely to be also perpetual in its existence.

She can advance farther, and survey the apparatus of the animal kingdom amply adequate to its existence, comfort, and continuance upon the earth ; and she will find all accurately accommodated to its sphere, whether insect, fish, bird, or quadruped. An additional faculty, instinct, or organ, or limb to a perfect animal would be superfluous. She would infer that man, as a mere animal exclusively designed for this earth, would be as perfect for that purpose, with simple animal instincts, as are the animals themselves. She sees the eye in the shell-enclosed chick, the lungs in the embryo lamb, and she knows they are useless there ; but they prophesy their future use in another sphere. She observes that man has a faculty higher than instinct ; and remembering that Nature creates nothing in vain, and issues forth no superfluities, she concludes that this superior faculty, being really not indispensable to him as an animal, must belong to him for his use when in another capacity, and that must be in future, which rather implies the reality of such future for him to flourish in.

She perceives in all animated nature, whenever its denizens are out of their bias or locality, away from their elements, a certain degree of uneasiness manifested by the wanderer. The stranded fish gasps for the water, the vacuum-resident mouse or rabbit pants for air, the submerged lamb desires the surface and the dry land. So with other phases of animal life. The duck seeks the pond, the dove the air, the mole the ground. When in their elements undisturbed by extraneous intruders, they are tranquil, joyous, happy. Man is ever uneasy,—never realizing, but always anticipating, happiness,—“always TO BE blest.” Why is he the exception in the vast scope of Nature ? Because he is partially out of his bias, out

of his ultimate sphere. Nature's unity of plan proclaims this. "Hope reigns eternal in the human breast." His uneasiness is a continual struggle to attain that ultimate sphere, as the unborn animal or child struggles to leave its enclosure and enjoy the theatre whereto its faculties and organs are mutually adapted. The animal's movements demonstrate this principle to be correct; and the demonstration corroborates the inference previously drawn by Reason as to the apparent superfluities alluded to.

Her next step has been to observe the course pursued by the mind to acquire knowledge. It employs the senses therefor as does the boy use a stick to beat down the otherwise inaccessible fruit from the tree. Soon as the fruit is obtained, the stick is useless to him for that especial purpose. He appropriates the apple or eats it, without the intervention of the stick. Soon as the ear, the eye, the nose, the touch, or the taste has conveyed its intelligence to the mind, the sensual purveyor is thereafter useless for that particular purpose. The mind can virtually close that avenue, and digest, compare, or examine the intelligence thus procured, and do it independently of the senses, without their intervention. Thus she partially infers the mind can act by itself.

She then proceeds to ascertain, that with eyes wide open in the day-time, a man, sitting in a very busy and noisy public market-place, can entertain conceptions of a certain degree of distinctness; if more quiet, he can perceive more distinctly; with eyes closed more vivid conceptions appear; in sleep more vivid still; and in trance or magnetic sleep, yet more so,—the intensity increasing with the relative remoteness or separation of the mind from the external world. She infers from thence a probable increase of intensity when death supervenes, and occasions mental independence.

What, then, does all this cumulative testimony establish? What, the additional evidence presented by abundant instances of active longevity noted by Cicero* and others, who

* Cicero, *De Senectute*.

remark that the intellect decays with the body of those only who either overwork their mind, or suffer it to rust out with inactivity? A very long list of illustrious names might be mentioned, with those of the venerable Hesiod and Homer, Solon and Pythagoras, Sophocles and Socrates, Confucius and Zeno, Democritus and Isocrates, Plato and Cato, Cincinnatus and Strabo, Galileo and Newton, Voltaire and Franklin, Jefferson and Humboldt; but our limits peremptorily forbid. We know that some have launched themselves into eternity by entertaining vivid convictions of a future life. In Christendom it has been claimed that all heathen antiquity was in profound darkness, and that even among the Jews the Pharisees had no reliable illumination on the subject till the exit of Jesus from the sepulchral vault transpired, and uncontestedly demonstrated the doctrine as a substantial fact. The indispensable requirement seems to be a positive event as the solid basis of true induction.

Now, such event, it is strenuously contended by many, has been witnessed. It has been repeated, reiterated in various forms before thousands of spectators. That such phenomena have occurred is unqualifiedly admitted even by its most inveterate opponents, who interpose no subversive suggestion as to the reality of the well-attested occurrences, but ascribe them to diabolical agency, and pronounce the unseen operators as evil spirits. They acknowledge the spirit, but qualify its character. This admits all that is essential to produce a belief in a future life. Its friends contend for no more in substance than the reality of a communication between the mortal and the immortal spheres. Profane history attests to so much; sacred history reposes upon it as a substratum, and names the supreme spirit God, saying, "God is a spirit."

The forte of Elisha depended on this keen faculty of seeing. Jesus confided to it his personal integrity, influence, and sagacity, and doubtless derived therefrom his towering reputation and sanitary success; Paul became bewildered, entranced by its magic sway. Peter derived his visions from the

same source. Stephen indicated clairvoyance. John glowed with its imparted splendor and imagery, as well as Isaiah long before him. Pentecost itself was indebted to it for its brilliant tableaux and glorious displays,—both the Pentecost of the New Testament and that of Josephus. We need not cite Joan of Arc, Jacob Behmen, Swedenborg, nor Ann Lee. Christianity itself is indebted to its vital and motive energies for its rapid dissemination among the people; and if we can judge aught from analogy, and rely upon nature's unity of plan, by considering human nature as uniform everywhere in time and country, the same elastic principle also occasioned the speedy spread of the similar modern doctrine among mankind. These characteristics identify similarity to the ancient phenomena, as the neck of an antediluvian swan proclaims its ornithological identity of genus with that of a modern one.

Certain observation transcends uncertain theory. It often demolishes the most ingenious and plausible speculations. And herein consists the superiority of genuine induction over the deductions of the sophists. Assumed premises may be unsound; and their inferences will partake of their defect. Positive philosophy, however, with its absolute data, must be reliable. Aristotle *may be* correct in his premises and in his conclusions; observed facts and their consequences *must be*. The alleged resurrection, as commonly understood, may never have transpired; but the failure would not destroy the possibility of the soul's immortality, any more than did its non-occurrence in previous ages; nor would its occurrence indubitably establish that doctrine. It would not even demonstrate the existence of a soul; only the continued vitality and intelligence of an organized person. A spiritual exhibition seems therefore necessary to prove the existence of such entity and its capability of immortal existence. Indeed, even the experience of such existence prolonged during many ages, is actually essential to place its exemption from death beyond dispute. If Jesus, then, at the Transfiguration, actually saw

and conversed with Moses and Elijah, who had been absent from the earth for centuries, that transaction was an important step in the process establishing human immortality. It did, at least, establish the human soul's great longevity, as the historical duration of the earth settles the point of our planet's longevity; but, not exactly its eternity.

But, if any position was ever verified by human testimony, which invariably depends on the senses, whatever be its subject, the authenticity of these peculiar manifestations has been, and that too not only by the admissions of convinced and stubborn skeptics, quondam unbelievers, cautious, intelligent, and shrewd investigators, but likewise corroborated by admissions of those who still maintain the bitterest hostility towards the system; and more than all this, by a frequent and multiplied repetition of the phenomenal facts themselves. If, at the Advent, telegraphic nature republished or re-enacted to the world her daguerreotyped assurances of immortality, of conscious identity hereafter to mortals, modern experience can testify to its renewed reiteration. Where reason merely grazes and trusts, revelation has plunged and demonstrated; so that, our race is occasionally assured, in its long tract of earthly duration, that the lamp-light of intelligent and conscious life is still glowing, and guaranteed to us and to posterity for indefinite ages to come.



THE WORLD.

THE particular forms of things perish and become decomposed. In external outline and superficial aspects the world is destroyed every day. Yet the world remains; and, in a most important sense, its forms are indestructible. The living germs of a creation that is ever new, take root in the ashes of this vast decay; and the earth, even now, is far more radiant and beautiful than when it arose from the slumber of unconscious and shapeless being,

“In the young morning of Creation.”

NATURE'S DUALISM.

A SOLVENT OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

THE gradations of material, social and intellectual development which we have already passed through, have brought us within the sphere of several new and important questions, the solution of which seems absolutely necessary to our next steps of progress. Conspicuous among these are the questions of the true relations between capital and labor; between wealthy corporations and the industrial or commercial interests of private individuals; the true limitations of the laws of marriage, and the conditions which involve the right of divorce; the position and rights of woman in the body politic, &c. Stave off these questions as we may for the hour, they are ever recurring, and are continually growing more persistent in their demands upon our attention. They are the riddles propounded by the sphinx ever standing by the way-side of the great public life of this age, and unless some Œdipus is found to answer them, the interrogating monster will swallow us all.

But it is utterly vain to attempt a thorough and practical solution of these questions upon the basis of old precedents, or of any experiences in our past political and social history. If the somewhat voluminous discussions that have already occurred upon these questions have utterly failed to evolve any practical result, it is because no other light has been evoked than that which is afforded by the creeds, philosophies and experiences of past ages, when these now pending questions were scarcely thought of. As they are *new* questions, developed by a new and unprecedented step of human progress, they require *new* light, and in some respects, an entirely *new phi-*

losophy, for any effective treatment; and the intelligent mind, liberating itself from old prejudices, and looking outside of, and a little beyond, the theological and philosophical opinions that are most current in the world, may find in the phenomenal and scientific developments of the very age which has launched these questions upon us, the elements of their complete solution.

Only one of the questions of this general class is for the present proposed to be submitted to the test of this "new light," viz. : the question of the *Position and Rights of Woman* in the political and social compact. It is a question which has come into prominence during the last decade. It has obtained a firm hold upon the minds of a large number of intelligent persons of both sexes. It has refused to be staved off by conservative bigotry, or laughed out of countenance by the trivial, the superficial and the impertinent. It may be obscured and overshadowed at times by more exciting subjects of public thought, but up it comes again, and up it will continue to come until it receives the right treatment. It must simply be *met* and *solved* on correct principles, or it will not fail to throw us into a greater or less degree of social disorder. It has been agitated through the press and from the rostrum, and discussed from various standpoints. Truth and absurdity have been commingled together in almost inextricable confusion, and some of the most vital points in the question, as it seems to me, have not been reached at all. It is really one of the most important social problems of the age, and ought not to be pressed to a decision on any uncertain grounds. Its final solution can be reached only by the aid of universal and eternal principles, and by consulting the prototypes, synotypes and analogies not only of present human existences and relations, but those found in the universe without. This mode of investigation, far more simple than most people might imagine, shall here be attempted.

Conspicuous in this enlarged field, where we now seek our guides and analogies, is exhibited the principle of *Dualism*

and the laws which govern the relations of its major and minor terms. This Dualism consists of positivities and negativities, activities and passivities, or what is essentially the same thing, *masculinities* and *femininities*, conjoined in such relations that the one *complements* the other. By the action and reaction, or the dynamics and statics, of these two terms conjoined or *married* together in a dual system, all the generative and productive functions of the system are carried on, whereby *thirds*, or relative neuters, are brought into being, differing from the first and second, but partaking of the nature of both. And there can be no new and essentially distinct production—in other words, there can be no production which is not a mere *extension* and *fission* of the original stem, root or protosperm out of which it grew—except what is the result of a fecundative conjunction of the positive and negative, active and passive, or masculine and feminine sides of a dual parentage. This law is positively and necessarily universal.

For a better comprehension of the scope of the proposition, however, this discriminative statement may be useful: In the sphere of Primal Causation, the Masculinity is absolute and unmixed, and the Femininity is equally so; but in the sphere of generated or created forms which arise from the conjunction and co-efficiency of these two, each form or individual necessarily partakes of the nature of both sides, is a cross between the two, and is therefore necessarily different from either when considered by itself. Some forms of each and every generated species partake more of the nature of the positive side of the parentage, and are therefore called masculine, and some more of the nature of the negative side and are hence called feminine. Having within them, however, the duplex nature of the dual parentage, neither of them is masculine or feminine in the *absolute* or *unmixed* sense, but only *relatively* so, while each carries within itself the subdued elements of the opposite gender. And so this relative masculinity and femininity are necessarily carried

through all the generated and generating forms, series and degrees of cosmical, vegetable, animal and human nature, from lowest to highest, and everywhere the general relations and the laws of the reciprocal activities of the two, are, in principle, *the same*.

The reflecting mind will perceive that there are several corollaries connected with these propositions which have a strong bearing upon branches of philosophy outside of the special theme of inquiry, but these aspects of the propositions must not be allowed to divert us from our present course, and their intended use in the furtherance of the same, which relates only to the solution of the question of woman's rights.

We proceed, then, to remark that this same universal dualism of generated forms and potencies, consisting of activities and passivities, positivities and negativities, or masculinities and femininities, is reproduced upon the human plane as *Manhood* and *Womanhood*. It is, in principle, absolutely the same in these two halves or hemispheres of the human world, as in all other departments of existence ; and if we wish to know the natural law governing the reciprocal relations, functions and "*rights*" of manhood and womanhood, we have only to inquire, "*What is the law in other grades of being in which the same dualism appears?*"

In the cosmical system we have force and matter, dynamics and statics, motion and rest ; the north and south poles and hemispheres of planets, as equal counterparts necessary to the very existence of the system ;—the interplay of winter and summer, night and day, conjointly engaged and equally necessary in working out a system of common evolutions. Each and all of these would, by their analogies, lend us important aid in the solution of the question before us ; but let us come nearer home :

We have said that in all departments of existence outside of the sphere of Primal Causation, the generative dualism is *relative*, each side partaking, in different degrees, of the nature of both sides of the dual parentage, and each being

distinctly masculine or feminine only as one or the other of these elements preponderate. We may, therefore, find our sufficient source of illustration in the individual human organism, which is in itself dual, and even in some of its organs (the heart for instance) doubly dual. But not to go into complexities, we have the organs of the right, and those of the left side, of which we will select as most conspicuous, the right and the left hands. They are both necessary in the performance of the physically executive functions of the common system to which they both belong. They are *equal* in their *importance* to the common system, and *equal* sharers in the common blessings and *rights* of the system. And yet each is superior and at the same time inferior, to the other. But the right hand is superior only *as* a right hand, and the left *as* a left; and the moment either attempts to perform the functions of the other, its inferiority becomes manifest.

Now the *right* hand is positive, active, *masculine*; the left is negative, passive, *feminine*. The right hand, therefore, represents Manhood; the left, Womanhood. Let us see, then, how these two live and act together in the anatomical system, and from that we may learn how mankind and womankind should live and act together in the civil and political Body, and what are the natural rights of each.

Let one, then, suppose himself wandering upon the bank of a stream. He sees an object floating on the water a few feet from the shore, and desires to appropriate it. With the *left* hand he grasps a bush or overhanging branch of a tree, to support and balance himself, and to keep him from falling into the water, while with the *right* he reaches out and seizes the object. Having thus seized it, he turns it over to the custody of the *left* hand, to *hold*, to *keep* and to carry, while with the *right* he then proceeds to remove any obstructions that may lie in his path, and makes his way through the bushes. Or suppose he is gathering the harvest: with the *left* hand he seizes, holds and steadies the tufts of wheat, while with the *right* he wields the sickle and cuts the stalks.

Or suppose he is writing : with the *left* hand he holds the paper in position, while with the *right* he moves the pen and records his thoughts.

The office of the *man*, therefore, as represented by the right hand, is to *wield*, to *get*, to execute ; while the office of the *woman* as represented by the *left*, is to *hold*, to *steady*, to *balance*, to *keep*, *conserve*, *cherish*, arrange, beautify and gestate or develop into new and higher forms of use and beauty that which the man achieves, procures and confides to her care for the equal use of both. In all these offices and relations, the one, though *differing from*, is *equal to*, the other ; and without the cooperation and mutual assistance of both, either actually existing or in some way represented, the office could not be well performed if performed at all.

Now as all the *generative*, or in any sense distinctly *productive* forces of the universe and of human life are necessarily dual, it seems to follow that every office in human society that is intended to be *prolific* of results, should, to conform to this order of nature, be also in some sense dual, with a co-equal positive and negative, or masculine and feminine side. That is to say, for every President of the United States, there should be a feminine co-operative, co-authoritative, complementary and conjugal counter-official ; and the same, in some conceivable sense, may be said of every office or position in life, down even to the most humble. And the relative duties of the man and the woman in each of these several and diversified positions, may be learned by studying the analogies of the offices of the right and left hands, or of those of almost any other dualism in nature ; for I repeat that the general law is the same in all.

If I am asked, then, whether in view of the *equality* of the rights of woman with those of man which these principles certainly establish, a woman may not be equally eligible with man to the office of President, Governor, legislator or Congressman, I answer, yes, on certain conditions ; and so on similar conditions is she eligible to the position of wood-

sawyer, ditch-digger, or driver of a locomotive. The conditions are that she should be mentally, morally and muscicularly of the *same gender* with the office or position she proposes to fill, and be willing to define herself before society as of that gender. Now it is but just to acknowledge that I know of several women who are far greater men than their husbands ; and if I were obliged to choose between the two which should receive my vote for any political office or other station in life now generally filled by men, I would certainly vote for the woman in preference to her husband. But such women, as rare exceptions to the general rule, must be regarded as right-handed and masculine femininities, though in saying this we are sensible that we are bestowing upon them only a "left-handed compliment." So, on the other hand, the man has an equal "right" to work thread lace, sew kid gloves, darn the stockings or wash the dishes, provided he is mentally, morally and physically of the same gender with these several employments, and is willing thus to define himself before society : though in assigning to any man such a position, I think we would be indulging in another "left-handed compliment," and a rather cruel one at that.

My main object in this article has been simply to establish the *fundamental principles* on which the question of the position, rights and duties of woman in the body politic may be decided, if it ever is decided. It was my original intention to avoid all discussion of further details of the application of these principles, as a work which other thinkers, admitting this basis of reasoning, ought to be able to do as well as myself. I have, however, been urged to a somewhat fuller development of the thought here engendered, and submit the following corollaries and reflections :—

1. The doctrine of the natural and divinely ordered *dualism* of adult or physically completed humanity being admitted, it follows that after the attainment of majority, and the entire emergence thereby from the sphere of the practically

neuter gender, neither the male nor the female, considered alone, is more than *one-half* of a complete *homo*. It is only when they are conjugally united, as the right and the left hearts are conjoined in one, that the humanity is complete in them. Sexual unions and disunions, then, or marriage and divorce, should divorce (as corresponding to surgical excision) unfortunately ever become necessary, should not, in organized society, be left to the caprice of fitful passion or lust, but should be regulated by wise laws. Until, therefore, all men and women become so purified and refined as to be supremely governed by impulses that are spiritual and heavenly, the doctrine now advocated by many persons under the specious title of "Free Love," must stand condemned alike by sound philosophy, sound morals, and a due regard for the best interests if not the very existence of human society.

2. In the constitution and functional operations of that *higher* republican society the inauguration of which now is, or soon will be, in order, both halves of humanity should be equally but at the same time diversely, represented. The truth of this affirmation will appear sufficiently clear from what has already been said, and need not be further illustrated.

3. The Republic which denies one-half of its equally qualified citizens an equal representation in some form or other, is only *one-half* republican, and the other half despotic. Yet such a Republic, of which our own is an example, is one of the natural and necessary steps in the social progress of the race. It had to come as the next round in the ladder above unmixed despotism, and as an introduction to a still higher grade of social development. In my unpublished social and correspondential philosophizings, I have shown that it is the *fourth* of the normal and predetermined stages of social progress, in the natural series of *seven*—corresponding to the fourth period in Geology, and its contemporary developments in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—corresponding also to fourths in all other sevenfold series or systems in

nature. During the fourth geological period, for example (viz., the carboniferous period), the correlated degree of the vegetable kingdom consisted of plants neither wholly marine nor wholly terrestrial, growing, as they did, in low, wet, and partially inundated places—*amphibious* plants, as they might, for the most part, be called; while the coincident developments of the animal kingdom consisted mostly of frogs, salamanders and other batrachians—also *amphibious*. So our government, being also a fourth in the grand scale of natural and predestined social developments, may in like manner be characterized as amphibious, occupying as it does a position exactly in the *middle* of the archetypal scale of normal developments, a *semitone* above the third note of the social gamut, midway between despotism on the one hand and the Ascending and true Republic on the other, and partaking of the nature of both, but being neither absolutely.

4. The inauguration of woman's equal rights upon perfectly scientific principles can only be included in the general inauguration of a Republic differing from our present one by being one discrete degree above it in the archetypal scale of political forms. This will be the *fifth* of the seven possible stages of social progress in *this* world—with Savagism as the first, Barbarism the second, Despotism the third, the crude Republic as the fourth; and this fifth, which may be characterized as the *ascending* or *progressive* Republic, ought to be followed, in due time, by the *Harmonic Republic* as the sixth, in which the nation will be organized as One Grand Man. Then, as an ascending sublimation from this, without much regard to the succession of time, follows the *spiritual commune* as a seventh. This seventh note in the social gamut, will be, like sevenths in music, only a *semitone* below the eighth, which is the first of a new octave; and if supposed to be extended to its natural interval, it will overlap the lower heavens, and unite the two worlds in more intimate relations than ever before.

Of course a statement in so small a space, which it would

require many pages, if not a whole volume, to fully illustrate and establish, can at best only be expected to excite reflection and prompt further inquiry. The derision with which certain minds resting wholly on the sensuous plane will receive it, should not be regarded. I will here say, however, that a course of investigation continued during the last twenty-four years, has gradually added strength to the conviction until all doubt has vanished from my mind, that each and every *complete* system in nature, and the grand system of all systems, consists of seven consecutive stages, parts or degrees, of which we have a familiar example in the seven notes of the musical scale ; and these stages or degrees are arranged in such manner that any one series or octave in nature will illustrate all others. If, therefore, it is desirable to catch a foregleam of the nature, spirit and constitution of the *next stage* of social development (to which, I submit either we must soon ascend or sink back to despotism by the weight of our political and social corruptions, as *all* the republics of antiquity did), then it is only necessary to study *fifths* as we may find them in *any* natural sevenfold series or classification, and apply their analogies.

I have now to add that it seems to me impossible to graft upon our *present* form of government, which as before said is a *fourth* development, an organic law which will secure to woman the rights which many intelligent women now claim through the exercise of the ballot.

First, because such an organic law does not naturally belong to a *fourth* degree ; and Secondly, because, under our existing institutions, laws and theories of government, the ballot itself has become hopelessly prostituted, enslaved and demoralized, and utterly fails to express the better and only legitimate will of the people. The principle of universal and *unqualified* suffrage may have been well enough, perhaps, as a first crude effort at republican government, especially as it has served to familiarize our minds with the great truth that " all men are *born* equal ; " but, considered in the abstract,

it is false. All men are born equal, it is true, and all have an equal right to *justice*; but it does not by any means hence follow that vice, immorality, crime and profound ignorance have any right to representation in the law-making power of any government, even though it be a republican government. And a government which freely admits and sanctions these contaminating ingredients and perverting forces of operation, must inevitably fail to accomplish the highest results in behalf of public order, liberty and justice, and must sooner or later work out its own dissolution.

But in our government, habitual law-breakers are, by the ballot, admitted to the privilege of law-makers, on a footing perfectly equal with the most orderly and upright citizens. The notoriously vicious and depraved, and often the most abandoned criminals, free for the moment from the clutches of the magistrate, have votes which, even in a *fair* counting, are worth as much as the votes of the same number of honest men; while on each returning election day, thousands of people come up to the polls utterly ignorant of the machinery and workings of the government, and sometimes unable to read the very names that are printed upon the tickets furnished them by persons of whom they are the unconscious tools; and knowing not the difference between a State assemblyman and a representative in Congress, or between one co-ordinate branch of government and another. What is the ballot worth to such men, unless it be as an article of merchandise to be sold to the highest bidder? It is, indeed, as an edged tool in the hands of a child, with which they are more liable to injure than to benefit themselves. And yet a ballot cast by such a man cancels and utterly nullifies the vote of the most intelligent and patriotic.

The consequence of all this is, that it is utterly impossible to get our best men into office, for the simple reason that our best men will not resort to the dishonest and contemptible tricks of the now ruling politicians, to procure a nomination and election, or to a bribery of inspectors and canvassers to

return majorities in their favor. The machinery of government has thus fallen into the hands of thieves, bribe-mongers, and wealthy capitalists, corporations and combinations who are able to buy up majorities, and who do not hesitate to make the most wicked and unscrupulous use of their power. And thus it is that there is not a Legislature in the land, from the most insignificant municipal council to the great Congress of the United States (as recent events have shown), which cannot be bought. And as for the Judiciary, let the depth to which it has fallen be illustrated by the simple fact that the arch-plunderer of the city treasury of our great metropolis, whose guilt no one doubts in the face of the overwhelming evidence brought against him, was recently acquitted almost unanimously, by a jury packed by political influence!

The foundations of public order are undermined; Liberty is wounded to its vitals and has well-nigh perished; Justice, discomfited and utterly homeless among the guardians of law, is wandering and weeping in our streets, or fleeing to that dread Throne whence she may hurl her thunderbolts in a more direful judgment-day, and the republican government instituted by our fathers is in the throes of dissolution!

Women of America, do you demand the ballot with any expectation that you will then have the slightest influence in correcting these evils or benefiting yourselves? I tell you you are deceived. The ballot for *present* use at least, is not worth to you the breath you spend in talking about it. It has even become with me a serious question whether *honest men* have now any business at the polls, where they are almost always either compelled to vote for a candidate already provided for them by a corrupt "ring," or else to suffer defeat by bribed votes, false returns, or some other subtle and dishonorable system of trickery. If all honest men would from this day resolve to stay away from the polls until the frauds by which they are now practically disfranchised shall be abated, the political corruptionists who now hold sway,

shorn of the semblance of respectability which the presence of honest men now lends to them, would soon break up into innumerable hostile factions, and fall to pieces in their own rottenness. And then would come the new beginning, on new and higher foundations—the inauguration of the NEW REPUBLIC in which universal justice will be secured both to man and woman.

Ladies, wait patiently for this “good time,” which will not be long in coming; and then you will have your “rights,” either by means of the ballot or something else which will be equally effective and satisfactory.



RELATIONS OF RELIGION AND POLITICS.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

POLITICS, or the science of government, considers man in his external relation to the State; Religion either springs from or strives to reach his inmost being. What then are their reciprocal relations, bearings, or correspondences? Have certain forms of the religious conception been preceded, accompanied or followed by corresponding forms of political organization? If so, can we deduce from the advanced religious thought of to-day the nascent political methods of to-morrow? These questions it is proposed to consider in this essay.

Much attention has been given by thinkers to the idea of a *science of analogy*. Swedenborg thought it had been revealed to him; Agassiz suspects its existence; Shakespeare saw “sermons in stones;” Buckle and others affirm that science is overburdened with facts, and that what we need is the discovery of laws. Great thinkers in all ages have speculated in that direction. There are chemical experiments by which inorganic matter can be made to assume vegetable forms, as

does the frost-work on the window-pane. Some physicists claim that the inter-atomic are proportional to the inter-planetary and inter-stellar spaces. Worlds are hung in ether agreeably to mathematical principles. Samuel Elliott Coues, in a work published in 1860, maintains that "the structure of the earth is a consequence of the laws which also determine the magnitudes, velocities, and relative positions of the spheres of the solar system;" and that "the astronomical elements of the earth are, in their existences and values, the parts of a system which is so faultless in its symmetry that any one of their elements can be calculated from the others." S. P. Andrews claims to have outlined a science of analogy, by which a discovery in any one science can be made a discovery in all. If this be so in any degree, we may certainly presume that discoveries and experiences in the political and religious life of man will be reciprocally available, so that from past experience of the one we may infer future developments of the other.

If mental peculiarities are indicated by the form and quality of the brain, by the expression of the countenance, by the attitude and gait, may there not be a similar correspondence between the body politic and its soul, or religion?

Races extrinsically manifest intrinsic peculiarities in their clothing, food, architecture, poetry and language. From only the remains of the latter, the every-day life has been deduced, in some detail, of a pre-historic race—the Aryan—which must have attained a marked degree of civilization prior to the *Anno mundi* of the Mosaic chronology. But in no two modes of expression of the life of a people does there appear to be a closer correspondence than between their religion and their government.

As mankind emerged from savageism, and a degree of social order succeeded chaos; as tribes were consolidated and nations formed, power tended, particularly in Asia, to concentrate in the hands of one man—perhaps a necessary step in human progress. In the infancy of the mechanical arts it

was requisite that a few should command the labor of many, in order that a taste for arts and luxuries—often the only means of inspiring a love of the beautiful and the perfect—might be generated among some, and in time, by the influence of example and increasing coöperation, become the heritage of all.* If Absolutism thus had its uses in government, it may have likewise had them in religion.

The Hebrew monarchs and the rulers of the neighboring nations were—as are some in Asia to-day—independent of law and beyond criticism, regarding their subjects as having no rights which they were bound, if inconvenient, to respect. The Hebrew God that “doeth according to his will,” whose hand none can stay, “or say unto him, What doest thou?” was simply an Eastern potentate magnified—an outward political actuality, reproduced in the inward religious conception. Power was deified then as success is, virtually, now. As an astute prime minister might cool down the insensate wrath of an Eastern potentate, so Moses dissuaded Jehovah from destroying his people in the desert. As “kings by the grace of God” desolate provinces to punish individual misconduct, so because king David took a census, his God killed seventy thousand innocent subjects!† Thus the politics of that Jewish theology, which has survived for eighteen centu-

* “Is it not necessary that God should raise a few to that welfare which he refuses to the many, showing us the glimmerings of that happiness from which we are debarred? Without this precaution civilizers would not feel their misfortunes. The sight of the opulence of others is the only stimulant which could urge savans, generally poor, to seek the new social order.”—*Fourier*. (The same essential idea independently originated.)

† Orthodox theologians maintain that a sin against an infinite being deserves infinite punishment.—Evidently a relic of laws which graduated the punishment according to the respective ranks of the culprit and of the person against whom the offense was committed. The murder of a slave or of a serf by a noble was a peccadillo, while a light offense in the other direction was capital. Late in the 18th century a woman in England was burned to death for killing her husband—petty treason. If he had killed her it would have been simple murder. Thus the pivot of orthodoxy—endless punishment—is evidently based on a legal barbarism exploded by Democracy.

ries the complete dispersal of the nation, is seen to be an absolute despotism. It will be hereafter maintained that the theology of the American government, *in its ideal*, is free thought, by which alone that ideal can be actualized.

But absolute immobility, even in Asia, was impossible ; time, commerce, conquests and captivities modified the former theology, so that in the later prophets an element of *paternity* is sometimes introduced which in Jesus, John, and modern liberal Christianity became a central idea.

Only the monotheistic phase of Judaism has hitherto been considered. The tendency of recent investigations has, however, been to strengthen the conclusion that the Jewish God was originally a local deity. But whereas other nations often worshiped and rarely denounced each other's gods, the almost unavoidable policy of the Jewish priesthood was to restrict the nation to the exclusive worship of its own God, that the national identity might not be lost through too intimate intercourse with more powerful and more civilized neighbors. From this exclusive worship, partially enforced only by the severest penalties, the idea of superiority arose. But the "gods of the heathen" were evidently no myths either to the Jews or the early Christians. It was reserved for later theologians to at once worship a book and deny its plainest statements.

The rival gods probably differed but little from the Jewish God, all being modeled in accordance with the ideals and governments of the respective nations, their gods being as cruel and capricious as their kings.

Apropos to this subject, Mr. Andrews observes that the radical distinction in theology should not be between monotheism and polytheism ; but, rather, between one or more gods governing by caprice (arbitrismal) and one governing by fixed laws (logicismal) ; that Europe would be under the same form of government whether its kings were one or many.

In ancient Greece and Rome, unlike Western Asia, law

was usually superior to caprice, and the very number of deities lessened by diffusion the influence of their devotees. At the advent of Christianity, government and philosophy had so far outstripped their religion that the two could not long co-exist, and the new religion merely hastened that extinction of the old which was already inevitable.

The word "mythology" has not been, in this article, used in reference to the religions of the ancient world, for the reason that there is at least as much *myth* in Judaism and Christianity as in what is called Paganism. That leading minds in a nation should, after their passage to the Spirit-land, continue specially identified with the welfare of that nation, and, through communication with persons specially qualified and set apart, exercise an influence on its destinies and come to be regarded as tutelary deities, seems, in view of recent developments, a more rational hypothesis than to assume that all or most religions were founded on fraud, imposture, or ignorance. That personages designated Astarte and Baäl should have, in this manner, assumed special charge of the Phœnicians, and one designated Jehovah, of the Jews, is no more improbable than that Frances Wright, Margaret Fuller, Abraham Lincoln or Horace Greeley should now take a special interest in the United States. In the rudimentary stages of human development any agency, not understood, is liable to be considered deific, and spirits are regarded as gods; in a period when men hunger for husky facts, their existence is doubted or denied; but in an age of reason they are recognized as our fellow-beings, having some additional experience.

And now comes Christianity—for a few centuries represented by an insignificant Jewish sect—historic doubts hanging over the very existence of its founder when it was adopted, for discreditable reasons, by the ruler of an empire which was still largely republican, both in name and nature. It has been doubted whether this "witches' broth," compounded of a

Jewish god with a Babylonian hell and devil, flavored with a faint sprinkling of humanitarian and spiritual teachings attributed to Jesus of Nazareth, is rightfully entitled to the name it bears, especially after further additions forced upon it by disorderly assemblies termed "Councils." This compound, however, admirably harmonized with the despotic element of the Roman government and soon harassed out of existence such republicanism as remained, suppressed the schools of philosophy, and discountenanced mental culture. Its asceticism, by preventing the best men and best women from propagating their species, caused an increasing degeneracy, which accelerated the disintegration of the empire by which it had been nurtured in its infancy, replacing emperor by pope—the vicar-on-earth of the magnified Eastern despot—"king of kings and lord of lords"—in heaven. Thus the correspondence between politics and theology was perfected; absolutism reigned supreme in church and state, and the "dark ages" followed.

Mohammedanism was one of the means which awoke Europe from this Lethean slumber. War, like commerce, sometimes aids in the circulation of thought; and surviving crusaders brought back to Europe, in exchange for the sword, the elements of literature and science. Thus both sides fought more wisely than they knew; the church sent its disciples to Palestine to extend its influence; but they returned with the seeds of its destruction.

Feudal chieftains did according to their wills on a small scale, as their god was supposed to do on a larger one, devoting a portion of the results to the service of the Church, as do their millionaire prototypes of to-day. Artisans and traders organizing for protection against them, gradually compelled political recognition; ideas took root; ancient republican literature revived; the intellect, aroused politically and otherwise, finally grappled with theology; and Protestantism introduced the end of that wedge which liberalists and Spiritualists are now driving home. Ideas of law and justice, as against

class privileges, grew with religious emancipation until, within little more than two centuries after Luther's protest, a nation, based on the doctrine that human rights are inalienable and universal, was brought into existence, mainly by the influence of a few thinkers who had outgrown absolutist theories, both in religion and politics. The "divine right of kings"—phrase so expressive of the essential correspondence between religious and political despotisms—gave way on American soil, to a theoretical recognition of the truth that governments rightfully exist only by consent of the governed.

As contemporaneousness may be judged essential to the theory of religious and political correspondences, it is advisable here to offer some explanations. In many animals, man not excepted, there exist rudimentary or surviving organs, useless and even injurious to their possessors, though serviceable to other animals. There are, for instance, wild geese whose habitat is not aquatic, but who retain the webbed feet, which, according to the Darwinian theory, may have survived from their aquatic ancestors. In human beings there occasionally appear organs which the comparative anatomists recognize as normal in some animals, while in men they are not only useless, but are, perhaps, more liable to disease than those which are normal. Mental emotions and conditions correspond to facial expressions, but it may take years of mental depression and sorrow to produce the corresponding lines in the countenance. On the same principle the Christian Church required centuries to mold European states; and it may need other centuries to enable existing republics to dispose of this ecclesiastical "old man of the mountain," and thus unitize their religious with their political aspirations. As in the individual bodies of men those surviving and abnormal organs which have outlived their usefulness are peculiarly liable to disease, so surviving religions, which the peoples professing them have partially outgrown, occasion the most serious and constant dangers in the body politic. Religions survive

for centuries in a political and social *régime* to which they are utterly repugnant ; while political forms may, *per contra*, outlast the religions with which they were originally correspondent and contemporary ; but the principle of correspondence is unaffected. As the change of habitat, in the case of the wild geese, does not affect the fact that webbed feet were originally correspondent with aquatic habits, so the survival of a belief in a capricious and vindictive deity on the part of the people of modern democracies does not disprove its original correspondence with ancient despotisms.

Mexico and the South American republics offer the most marked examples of the results consequent upon such violations of the law of analogy. Mr. Coues maintains that the general trend of continents at an angle of about 30° with the meridians of longitude, has a precise correspondence to certain other terrestrial and celestial elements of number and form ; but that where the line of coast, or of deep water, deviates considerably from this angle for long distances, nature, by earthquakes and volcanoes, endeavors to restore it, raising the bed of the sea until the coast line of the continent is sufficiently extended to make up the normal angle. In other words, wide deviations from the laws of analogy are accompanied by correspondingly violent efforts for rectification or equilibrium. Thus when the political forms in a country deviate markedly from the religious views of its people, human, like inanimate nature, endeavors by cataclysms to bring them into correspondence. Hence South America is peculiarly a region of revolution, and will so remain until the power of the church is much reduced ; while Mexico, now that the cataclysm resulting from the secularization of church property has somewhat subsided, may secure comparative repose.

Conversely, in France the political despotism known as centralization is excessive, while a large minority of its people have negatively outgrown all religious despotisms. Quiet, orderly, economical, and industrious as—with remarkably few exceptions—are the French people, no government there

can be secure for a day until the state is de-centralized and thus made, in some degree, correspondent with the mental growth of the people. This was the object of the much-denounced "Commune." With the principle of municipal self-government once established (as, but for Germans and priests, it might have been in 1871), France would be the most peaceful and prosperous country in Europe, because its average government would correspond with its average religion, notwithstanding English and American prejudices to the contrary.

The political theories of the American Revolution, the offspring of a few leading minds, at least three of whom were free-thinkers (though not materialists), were, when adopted, one or two thousand years in advance of then current religious dogmas, but which thenceforward gradually relaxed their hold on the minds of a people accustomed, in name, at least, to self-government. A truly American God, as well as an American President, must govern not by caprice, but by law. Therefore the various forms of liberal religious thought are rapidly bringing American religion into harmony with the American theory of government. Even our orthodoxy is emasculated, liberal influences reaching its very pulpits, while the broadening wave of modern Spiritualism threatens to carry away not only the essence, but also the forms of the church.

But while our political theories embody the broadest humanitarianism and parallel the most advanced religious conceptions, the methods of embodiment open opportunities by which, under these *forms of freedom*, we have the *facts of despotism*. Primary meetings, caucuses, State associations, the division of States into Congressional and legislative districts, and of cities into wards—all are admirably adapted to crush out individuality and free thought, by inaugurating a despotism of PARTY even more searching than that of *sect*. The church expels the man who dares to *think* otherwise than within its creed; the party expels the man who dares to *vote* otherwise

than as its managers decree. The suffrages of one class of immigrants are controlled, whenever needed, by political managers in the interests of Romanism, while those of the descendants of another class are equally and more directly managed in the interests of orthodox protestantism—an ex-communication, at once political and religious—being a not unusual penalty for political free-thinkers of color. It may be remarked that ex-slaves naturally gravitate to a slavish religion, unaware that when abolitionists were outlaws the natural alliance between religious and political freedom was indicated by their religious heresies. So in Europe to-day, free thought is as closely allied to Republicanism as Romanism in the Church is with despotism in the State.

The attention concentrated on the question of slavery allowed various evils to ripen unnoticed, our imperfect representative system rarely permitting popular action on more than one issue at a time ; so that, though its evils have long been apparent, the remedies have not, even among thinkers, received due consideration. It corresponds to corduroy roads, horseback mails, and diversities of local interests. But to-day these are entirely overshadowed by the greater diversities of opinions and classes, which should therefore be represented in preference to localities. While modern practical science tends to annul natural barriers, to cross oceans, to span continents—to *unite what nature has divided*—the tendency of representation by districts and wards is to *divide what nature has united*. Science tends to union, party politics to sectarianism ; in the former partisanship is exceptional, in the latter a rule, though even in religion its grasp is weakened. But politics, in the higher sense, is a science ; and the elimination of the elements of partisanship cannot be intrinsically difficult. Political mechanisms of the nineteenth century are not in advance of the ecclesiastical mechanisms of the sixteenth century, when religionists were mainly but of two sects, Protestant and Catholic, leaving but

little scope for minor diversities. To-day we count religious sects by the hundred, while restricted to only two or three political parties, under the impression that the acme of political science has been reached in an organization which practically permits of no more. Yet the very persons who find themselves "cribbed, cabined and confined" when free to choose among these multifarious sects, contentedly repose in the two Procrustean beds prepared for them by political partisans!

To-day it is claimed that parties are necessary to a free government, as yesterday that kings and priests were indispensable to social order and religious culture. As sectarianism indicates a groveling, unorganized, chaotic condition of religious thought, so partisanship shows a corresponding state of political conceptions, though both may be necessary transitions from the crude unities of despotism to the cultivated unities of freedom. Nearly a century ago geologists were divided into two parties, the Vulcanists and Neptunists—partisans respectively of the agencies of fire and water—whose controversies were fully as bitter and personal as those of Democrats and Republicans, Catholics and Protestants, to-day; but geology has outgrown parties, as religion is outgrowing sects; and it is high time for politics to quicken its lagging footsteps and place itself abreast of the science of to-day and the religion of to-morrow.

The tendency of free thought and Spiritualism is to individualize, to disintegrate artificial conglomerates in order that natural attractions may reunite their components in more beautiful and serviceable forms. What has been achieved in our inner consciousness must be ultimated in outward existence, impressing our thought on all spheres of human activity, as the only alternative to sterility. Free thinkers in religion must demand and secure the right to choose representatives in legislatures, and not continue to be dragged at the heels of this or that party controlled by professional strategists. Few respectable men, of whatever creed, care to participate in

nominating assemblies where clamor, cunning, and violence are the winning cards ; yet to such men our present system denies representation, while allowing the ignorant, the cunning, and the unprincipled to select not only their own representatives, but those for others also. If "taxation without representation is tyranny," what shall we term a government which, doing this, denies representation in proportion to their numbers to those who pay more than the average of taxes, and who are best qualified by character and culture to participate in public affairs ? Is there not some better method of apportioning and selecting representatives than one which renders it possible (even if every voter took part in all the proceedings from the outset) for *less than one-tenth* of the voters in a Congressional District to elect a representative for the whole ?

This possibility can be numerically demonstrated. Assume thirty-one townships constituting such district, each to contain one thousand voters, and to be divided into ten school districts of one hundred voters. Six of the ten school districts in one township contain each fifty-one Republicans and forty-nine Democrats ; primary meetings are held in each school district to select delegates to the township meetings, which delegates will elect other delegates to the Convention of the Congressional District which nominates the candidate for Congress on behalf of the party. In each of the said six school districts twenty-six of the fifty-one Republicans vote for a delegate to the town meeting, who will vote for another delegate to the nominating Convention of the Congressional district, who will vote for "A" as the party candidate ; twenty-five Republicans prefer "B" and vote accordingly. In each of the other four school districts are forty-nine Republicans and fifty-one Democrats, but all the Republicans in them are for "B." Nevertheless, though but 156 in the township are for "A," and 346 are for "B," an "A" delegate is sent by the township to the nominating convention ; and we will suppose this operation to be repeated in sixteen townships similarly proportioned. The remaining fifteen

townships each contain 498 Republicans and 502 Democrats; the Republicans are all for "B," but can send only fifteen delegates to represent 7,968 voters, while the "A" men have sixteen to represent 2,496 voters and "A" is nominated and *elected*, though the Congressional District contains 2,496 "A" men, 13,006 "B" men, and 15,498 Democrats. Thus 2,496 men virtually elect a representative for 31,000, to say nothing of women!

Perhaps the principle will be more easily comprehended by the following illustration: Twenty-five persons, instead of electing directly a person to represent them, dividè into five bodies of five persons each; in three of those bodies three members of each are for "A" and two for "B;" in the other two bodies, all are for "B;" but each body of five elects a delegate, and three of these delegates are for "A" and only two for "B," though in the whole twenty-five there are but nine for "A," while sixteen are for "B." The oftener this operation is repeated—the more indirect the vote—the smaller will be the minority required to elect, and the greater are the opportunities for manipulation. But even were the vote direct, it is obvious that where parties are nearly equal in numbers and each party nearly equally divided as to preferences, a slight excess over one-fourth of the whole vote virtually elects a representative.*

These, it may be alleged, are extreme cases; but their possibility indicates the radical unsoundness of the districting principle to which such conventions are an indispensable adjunct. To call a government based on such radical injustice a representative democracy, when it is neither representative nor democratic, is to justify the remarks of Cardinal Bona and others—the use of words is less to express than to conceal ideas.

Moreover, the preceding calculations ignore the fact that

* It is probable that the whole matter can be condensed into an algebraic formula. What says Professor Ewell?

nominating conventions are largely composed of plastic materials, easily molded by political managers in favor of personal ends, and that consequently the candidates thus nominated will be in general much inferior to such as would spontaneously be selected in the modes hereinafter specified.

The salt which saves our government from utter corruption consists of what the delegate to Congress from the District of Columbia terms "a large and respectable class of citizens," who "do not take as much interest in party success as we do, but rather look to the good which is to result from selecting this or that party nominee." To secure the votes of this class party managers sometimes bring out their best men, though in the habit of designating this element as "loose fish," "on the fence" and other "pet names." Fourier remarks that the little good which is found in the civilized order is exclusively due to dispositions contrary to civilization. This is certainly the case with our political system, which would fall to pieces of its own weight, but for the help of those whom it cannot corrupt. Or, as Louis Blanc remarks, on another subject, you go outside of your system in order to find means to maintain it.

The theory, alike of our government and of our advanced religious thought, tends directly toward the freest expression of individuality in their respective spheres; while political mechanisms tend to produce the most cringing cowardice on the part of those who are at once slaves and tyrants. The church excommunicates because a member has outgrown its creed; the party expels because a member has outgrown its platform or dares to disobey its caucuses by exercising his private judgment in voting for the best man instead of the party nominee. As a congregation will dismiss its pastor because he is true to his intellect and conscience at the expense of his creed, so party managers cause to be dismissed faithful public servants because they are true to their country at the sacrifice of their party. Indeed, the proscription of party is worse than that of sect, inasmuch as the

dismissed pastor may still preach, at a reduced salary, to such as prefer to hear him ; while a legislator is held in the most abject subservience to any one controlling a few votes who may prevent his nomination or election, he at the same time holding the whip over office-holders, expectants and their friends in his district.

The correspondence between sect and party being thus complete, how long will those who are emancipated from the former remain slaves to the latter ? It is asked in reply, Admitting the evils, what are the remedies ?

The theory of present representative methods seems to be that a certain number of voters are entitled to a representative. A Congressional District averages about 31,000 voters, a majority of whom elect a member, if they all vote. All the modification required is to provide that 31,000 voters *anywhere*—at least in any one State—may elect a member. If less than 16,000 voters in one district (leaving out of view, for the present, the objectionable methods of nomination) can return one member, why are not nearly twice that number in two, three, or twenty such districts, equitably entitled to the same privilege ? Let there be no dodging behind legal fictions of representation, but come squarely down to *the facts* and equities. How can this equity be secured ? There are four or more methods, but two of which will be here specified.

1. Abolish congressional and legislative districts, as well as municipal wards ; give every voter as many votes as there are members to be elected, to be distributed as he sees fit. In the State of New York, for instance, every voter for a member of the House of Representatives, would have thirty-one votes, so that a minority of not less than *one thirty-first* of all the voters in the State, no matter in what part of the State resident, could elect an actual representative ; that is, about 31,000 voters *anywhere* in the State, no matter how scattered, could elect a member. This is called the cumulative vote.

Better still, as proposed by Archibald Hobbs, A.M., of England : Let each voter have one vote only ; divide the

whole number of votes in State or municipality by the number of candidates to be elected; the quotient gives the quota; those candidates obtaining it are at once elected; each surplus is transferred, by the candidate having it, to such other candidate as he may choose who is short, transferred votes counting the same as original. The number of such would, however, diminish at each successive election, as the strength of candidates became better understood. Changes in representation would be just as gradual as changes in public opinion and sudden revolutions become impossible; original, decided, independent, sagacious persons would naturally come to the front in place of trimmers and tricksters, made such, in great part, by their position; ostracism would cease; all phases of thought would be represented in proportion to numbers of respective advocates; but in legislatures thus elected radical thinkers—now excluded, or if admitted tongue-tied—would exercise more than mere numerical influence; even the lowest class of voters, free to choose, unhampered by party machinery, would elect better men than themselves, instead of worse. Indeed, it would be no marvel if by direct selection the most criminal and least intelligent classes should obtain better representatives than do now the least criminal or most intelligent congressional districts.

But to-day advanced thinkers are completely disfranchised. Woman suffrage would not, under the present representative methods, weaken the power of mediocrity and intrigue. Spiritualists and Liberalists especially need representation *as such* in the absence of which they are taxed, directly and indirectly, to an extent which few of them realize, to support churches and their adjuncts, thus crippling for want of funds, instrumentalities for diffusing their own views and educating their children. Institutions representing not over a third of the community are thus permitted to tax the whole and to accumulate property which is untaxed; while legal decisions to the effect that bequests for unsectarian education and the promotion of free thought are invalid, as being *contra bonos*

mores, virtually confiscate all property held for such purposes. Thus religious equality is as much of a sham as representative democracy.

Those freed from religious bondage would, under proportional representation, find their field of action much enlarged. Legislation, by means of an influential and outspoken minority in legislatures, would become broad, humanitarian, constructive, reformatory rather than punitive—penetrating to the brutalities of lunatic asylums, reform-schools, prisons, poor-houses, etc., now controlled, much to the detriment of the inmates, by sectarian and party influences. Our brothels and liquor saloons would be almost emptied by such superior attractions as city councils, influenced by "heretic" members, would provide.* But under the present system it is difficult to propose and impossible to carry any effective reformatory measures.

The Hobbs system is also applicable to the election of executive officers directly by the people, by enacting that candidates shall transfer to one of three or four having the highest votes until by such transfer one obtains a majority of the whole vote.

As Spiritualism simplifies religion by bringing proofs of a future life within the reach of the many, so proportional representation simplifies legislation by making legislators the immediate and spontaneous choice of the voters. As priests stand between man and God, so politicians stand between the people and their representatives. As, therefore, Spiritualism encounters the hostility of priests and Pharisees, so proportional representation must encounter that of politicians and scribes. As creeds and books fetter our aspirations for a higher religion, so do platforms and parties fetter those for

* Drinking places are said to have been unremunerative in the vicinity of the London Crystal Palace. A mining town in England has been radically reformed by provisions for Sunday recreation and instruction. Cheap fruit diminishes the sale of liquors, etc.

a higher political life ; creeds are the platforms of religion, platforms the creeds of politics. Neither fix belief ; both make hypocrisy respectable because compulsory. As the true patriot cannot be a sectarian, so the religious liberalist cannot be a political partisan but by being false to his intuitions—sinning against that Holy Spirit within. Those who repel the demands of hoary churches, actually or virtually claiming infallibility, will not continue to heed the requirements of transitory parties, making no such claim, though acting as if entitled to the most slavish obedience of their votaries.

While at first Spiritualism may be often aggressive and sometimes destructive, its tendency is to catholicise truth—to extract from all religions the fundamental truths which they embody. Unitizing in a comprehensive system their various facts and diverse doctrines, we can at the same time disregard the husk which—until this harvest-time of the ages—has enveloped them, and rise above the sectarianism of their advocates.

Now let us carry this spirit into politics—the science of regulating the collective action of communities for the good of all. Sectism in thought ultimates in partisanship in deed ; hence government by parties ; while a catholic spirit in religion becomes statesmanship in government, accepting and adopting all that is valuable from any source, regardless of parties, personalities or antecedents.

But this cosmopolitanism, catholicity or Spiritualism—for “these three are one”—finds as little scope in parties as in churches, and its increase demands modes of expression which the one can as little supply as the other. Spiritualism penetrates beyond its nuclei, initiating habits of independent thought on *all* subjects ; thus rapidly decreasing the number and zeal of devotees before political as well as ecclesiastical shrines. While at present you are pinned down to a choice between two candidates, one of whom agrees with you on one issue and may differ on everything else, so that only one

or two issues can be voted on at a time ; on the proportional plan it would not be difficult to vote *effectively* for a candidate who represents your views on all public questions ; so that legislatures would fully represent their constituents not on one point but on all.

It will be asked, Who advocates these new plans? Have they been tried? Were both questions susceptible only of a negative answer, the truth and equity would be the same ; a century ago *any* system of representative government without king, aristocracy or state church, was regarded as a Utopian dream. But well does Louis Blanc ask : " Who is the real dreamer—the real Utopian? Is it he who, at any given epoch, takes account only of existing conditions the duration of which is manifestly impossible, or he who principally considers facts not yet in existence, but whose appearance is inevitable and imminent ? "

In this case, however, the facts already exist. Among the advocates of proportional representation are Ex-Senator Buckalew, of Pennsylvania ; John C. Forney ; Edward Chamberlain, of the labor reform movement ; Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton ; Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, late Attorney-General of South Carolina ; the executive committee of a " tax-payers' convention " which met in that State last May ; Gen. John A. Dix and the " Committee of Seventy " in New York city ; Mayor Medill, of Chicago, and probably many others. English school boards and a portion of the Danish legislature are thus elected. Under the new constitution of Illinois the lower house of that legislature is elected by districts returning each three members, and each voter has three votes, so that a minority of one-third can secure a member. The first election under it was held this fall. Mayor Medill sees " no assaults on the new system in the Illinois papers," and is of opinion " that the press and people are well pleased with the operation of the experiment of cumulative voting and proportional representation ; and unless it develops some hidden weakness in the future, it will be permanently retained in our Constitution and

extended to other branches and departments of our State government. * * The aggregate representation is exactly in proportion to the numerical strength of each party."

The *Chicago Tribune* states that "the principle of minority representation has been fully vindicated by its results." It may be reasonably anticipated that when smaller minorities are represented, and a still larger latitude of choice thus secured, its benefits will be greatly increased. This mode of representation may be defined as the *application of the principle of natural selection to political science*.

As to the practicability of so far overcoming vested interests and antiquated conceptions as to compel legislators to adopt such methods, it may be observed that a little hesitation on the part of half a dozen leading men in 1776 would have left totally untried the degree of self-government in existence to-day, and that Spiritualists and Liberalists are sufficiently numerous to compel, by withholding or transferring their votes, one or both parties to adopt *and carry* the principle of minority or proportional representation into practice, whereby the circulation of their views would be increased in the ratio that the circulation of secular papers exceeds that of those especially devoted to Liberalism and free thought. Papers now refusing even an inch of space to anything on that side would be compelled to report whatever our representatives in legislatures might utter, and, moreover, could scarcely refuse the reasonable claims of those who would have and use political power. Religious liberals are no exception to the rule that a disfranchised class is invariably a wronged class; but when politically represented we shall have no more "*contra bonos mores*" decisions, no more legislative grants to sectarian institutions, and no more exemption of church property from taxation.

The spiritual, mental and religious elements, weak as they may seem to the casual observer, are the most powerful because the most interior, and will finally shape all outward forms in their own image. As surely as Christianity, so

called, working interiorly and invisibly, overthrew the seemingly invulnerable Roman empire, so surely will Spiritualism and free thought develop our political system in accordance with their requirements; thanks to the free-thinkers who brought it into the world, it can be developed and need not be destroyed.

Placed thus correspondently in the line of progress, government will outgrow its own etymology; ceasing to be punitive at first, it will cease to govern, but only *regulate* at last, and thus prepare the way for the supersession of the existing civilization by the reign of Universal Harmony. Under such education as it is the duty of the State to supply to all, and such life conditions as would consequently be placed within the reach of all, aggression would disappear and government become simply the machinery for associative work.

To recapitulate: The ideas of God and of a future life, commonly called "orthodox," properly appertain to despotic political conditions and are exotics even in a Democracy which is mainly theoretical. To merely permit the people to choose one of two candidates, previously selected by party machinery, cuts away the corners of orthodox doctrines, and may soon "improve them off the face of the airth." Again: those who have outgrown these dogmas, finding no expression of their mental conditions in present political forms, will compel their modification in accordance with the Declaration of Independence. Religious growth, by securing emancipation from the rule of party, will by introducing the most advanced and practical thinkers into our legislatures, complete mental emancipation by means of educational influences. Thus religion and politics will be brought into correspondence on the plane of the highest existing religious thought.

The tendency of Spiritualism is not only to freedom but to spontaneity, causing an instinctive gravitation to the true and right and as instinctive a recoil from their opposites; whereby

we should at once know our genuine representatives. We should make few or no mistakes in our choice of representatives were the selection *natural*—that is, untrammelled by arbitrary divisions and localities. Spiritualism, when it enters the domain of politics, will tend to replace party strategy by spontaneity; and while it neither can nor should become itself a political party, it can and will determine the *principles* on which all governments shall be based. Spiritualists, forming no parties, will finally extinguish all, by means of this principle of proportional representation which does exact justice to majorities as well as minorities. Therein lies the path on which the world must travel, lead it who may. Party organizations are used mainly to stifle freedom of thought, freedom of speech and freedom of action—procrustean beds whose tendency is ever to contract, never to expand, and making our so-called representatives cowards and slaves as well as tyrants. We must emancipate them as well as ourselves; we have no right to place men in positions which virtually compel them to forego their manhood. As preachers fear to speak their own thoughts, because people-ridden, and the people fear to hear the truth, because priest-ridden, so political leaders and their constituents mutually enslave each other. Priests and people, legislators and constituents, alike cower under their own institutions; tremble before their own shadows; ensconce themselves in strait jackets. The thing that is made for them, becomes their master; “things are in the saddle and ride mankind.” The tendency of Spiritualism interiorly, and the development of proportional representation exteriorly, will place *man* in the saddle. Their relation is that of church and State; what the church—the interior or religious element—is, the State will be; what to-day are ideas, to-morrow become institutions. The thoughts of Voltaire and Paine ultimated in the French and American revolutions; our more positive thoughts must finish the work which they began. The inward growth, to become permanent and extended, must find expression in the outward.

Our convictions as to the nature and laws of the spirit, and of the consequent relations of the future life to the present, must find expression in education, in science, in society, in government. Failing in this, they wither uselessly in our souls. As the unused limb shrinks ; as the inactive brain loses its power, and the dormant mind tends to imbecility ; so those germs of a diviner life which we may have elaborated from our own souls, or received from those gone before, must lose their luster, if not imparted to the world. In view of that kinship based on universal law—reaching from the highest to the lowest, and compelling us to give in order that we may continue to receive—let us see that our inheritance from the immortal becomes not sterile by neglect.

“O star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
“To bring us back an image of despair ?”

And can Spiritualists, claiming to receive light from the heavens, fold their arms before the corruptions of earth? Will they sink into the old church ruts, glorifying spirits out of the form and neglecting those in it? Have we not faith enough in the inherent love of justice, truth, and purity in the human heart to believe that “spiritual wickedness in high places” can be overcome, even if backed by the “principalities and powers” which control American as well as other governments? Do we not know that the bread cast upon the waters shall return to us? that every noble word and deed, unfruitful as it may externally appear, strikes some answering chord, has some effect, in one life or in another? that we shall see and know the results in future generations of our labors in the present?

Let education consist rather in the teaching of natural law than in merely cramming with facts ; let the ruling powers in social intercourse be nature and reason, rather than custom and fashion ; let the people be entirely unrestrained, by any organized interferences, from the largest liberty of choice of representatives ; and we have the requisite substratum for

genuine mental and spiritual growth, whereby the law of correspondence is completed and the requirements of analogy satisfied. How soon this can be done is for a few to determine. A little hesitation on the part of half a dozen persons in 1776 might have left the experiment of self-government wholly untried to-day; and, thanks to priests and politicians, it is not half tried yet. But enough has been done to render it easy to complete the work so well begun—to secure a genuine representative Democracy which shall be a fitting frame to a beautiful picture of mental and spiritual manhood.

It is said that the family motto of Pio Nono was "*mastai Ferretto*"—"Ferretto never stands still." On assuming his present position he tried to be progressive, failing in which he endeavored to stand still, but was speedily compelled to go backward, and has been "apocatastasising" ever since. This is just how we (Spiritualists) are situated. We must either go forward or backward; we must either incarnate our doctrines in our lives and in the life of the State, or go to our graves leaving no traces of our work, willing to our descendants an inheritance of despotism and gloom, and lamenting for centuries, in the Spirit-world, our own neglect of duty here. It required some degree of mental growth to secure such political freedom as we possess; but we must increase our political freedom if we would expand—or even preserve—our religious liberty. The marriage between Church and State—between the religious and the political—is no mere civil contract, but a religious rite which admits but of little separation and no divorce. To secure the best government, we must improve our religion; to secure the best religion, we must improve our government.

THE FALLEN ANGEL.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I.

A CITY rocked in the earthquake's din,
Its roofs and its pinnacles toppling in :
A shattered Ship, with its ghastly freight,
Slow sinking down 'neath the tempest's weight :
A nation, mown by the scythe of war,
With its children bound to the victor's car :
A people, crowding the halls of death,
Heaped like pale leaves by the famine's breath :
Oh ! these are awful and dread to see,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

II.

A living Babe, on the dead, cold breast
Of its Mother, frozen to marble rest :
A starving Child, while the sleet falls hoar,
Driven with blows from the rich man's door :
A Prisoner, bound in the dungeon halls,
Where no ray of hope or of sunshine falls :
A Martyr, chained to the crackling fire,
While the mob grow drunken with blood and ire :
Oh ! these are awful and dread to see,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

III.

A gentle Girl, with her dove-like eyes,
Blossoms 'neath the glow of her home's glad skies,
Her heart o'erbrimming with love divine,
As a diamond chalice with precious wine,
But the Spoiler comes with his specious wiles,
Like a Demon *wills*—like an Angel smiles :

Then blossoms the soul of that beautiful one,
As a rose unfolds 'neath the ardent sun,
And her life grows joyous—but woe is me,
Dark is the vision I shew to thee.

IV.

She has left her home, she has made her nest
In the fancied truth of that chosen breast ;
But his love was lust, and his troth a lie,—
He sates his passion and flings her by ;
He flings her by, and his leprous kiss
Blisters at last, and with demon hiss
He bids her live—ah, treacherous breath,
On the price of virtue—the sale of death.
Dark is the vision I shew to thee,
But a darker sight there is yet to see.

V.

“I am spoiled by Falsehood—not leagued with sin,
I will seek my home, it will fold me in :
It will not be long, for this aching grief,”
She murmurs, “will bring me the cypress wreath.”
But, ah, she is spurned from her father's door—
The bosom that fed her will own her no more—
And her old companions breathe her name
With a scornful sneer, and a word of shame.
Dark is the vision I shew to thee,
But a darker shadow is there to see.

VI.

Her soul grew wild with that last despair,
Her lips moved then—but it was not prayer :
“They drive me with curses from virtue's way,
I was once betrayed—I will now betray.”
She nerved with the wine-cup her thin, frail form ;
She wreathed her lips with a dazzling scorn ;
She sold her charms in the streets at night :
Her lips were poison—her glances blight.
Dark is the vision I shew to thee,
And its closing shadow is yet to see.

VII.

The sleet swept bleak through the silent mart,
 O'er a dying form and a dying heart :
 She sank on the pavement cold and bare ;
 Her shroud was wove by the snowy air :
 The scornful lips, and the woe-worn face,
 Smoothed down into childhood's peaceful *grace*.
 The Guilty *here* spurned the child of sin,
 But the Angels *there* bade her welcome in.
 Dark is the vision I've pictured thee,
 What hast *thou* done that it may not be ?



MUSIC OF THE SHELLS.

THE Poet whose spirit was alive and awake to the great organ music of the spheres, heard the stars

“ Nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeat the story of their birth ; ”

and every one whose soul is attuned to the sublime harmonies of Nature, may feel and inwardly comprehend the song. Authentic history does not record the origin of artificial music and musical instruments. We wander about in the wild regions of Mythological Romance for the shepherd's pipe, and the simplest form of the Lyre. It is said that Jubal invented the last mentioned instrument, and that he was worshiped.

“ When he struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren closed around—
 And wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound ;
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 Which spoke so sweetly and so well.”

The worshipers of Jubal who found God in a shell, were wiser than modern Atheists, who never found him at all. As he is *in all things*,

every object in Nature is a Divine teacher. There is primitive music in the emerald halls of Ocean, and a rude Sanscrit language is spoken from the abyss. The deep voices are never silent, and there is no pause in the mysterious music. Every empty shell that the wild waves bear to the shore, inherits that mystical tongue, and breathes in audible murmurs the chorus of the sea forever.



SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NUMBER TWO.—THE HEAVENS.

A GAIN I was awakened from a fit of profound abstraction by the well-known voice of the Sage, Swedenborg. "Come, my son," he said, "let us now go abroad in the Heavens, and behold the spirit that inspires and creates them."

As if the very will had been a word of enchantment, we were instantly translated into a scene of surpassing peace and beauty.

"I need not ask you to define this!" I exclaimed, as we entered. "It is the Heaven of the Poets."

"Truly, my son," he answered. "Breathe it; drink it; absorb its power; for this is thy native element—thy most interior essence and germ life."

The Feeble cannot compass the Strong. The Small cannot control the Great. The Finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. Neither can any description do more than dimly shadow forth the great glory, that everywhere breathed into bloom. Sublime vistas of indescribable mellowness and depth, rounded and wound away, into infinite series of beauty and grandeur; and all natural objects were, or seemed to be, crystallized in their most enchanting forms. Yet this crystal pureness was neither cold nor fixed; but, on the contrary,

everything was instinct with an overflowing fullness of life. Lovely children, clothed with immaculate whiteness, came and looked at us with their large and lustrous eyes, reminding me of that fine picture of the "Baby Angels" in Joan of Arc.

Bower within bower would open as we gazed, each unfolding starrier flowers, or blushing into softer heart-blooms. Wonderful combinations and shades of color bannered every hill, bloomed on every bank, and spangled every tree. Sky within sky, heaven beyond heaven, continually arched and opened; for the landscape was like drapery that swayed in the wind, now high, now low, now close and hovering, now wide and far away; and its constantly changing folds stirred with every breath.

And as the landscape, so was the intelligence, mingled and wrought together. Eye within eye, heart within heart, and soul within soul, these sublime spirits were interwrought and mingled. I shrunk back with awe, feeling my own unworthiness to enter the bright portals of Immortal Genius.

A spirit came forward and saluted me. The Scottish thistle and the tarlatan plaid seemed to shine out of him, as a reminiscence of Nationality, while his whole strongly-marked Individuality was illuminated with his own unrivaled song: "A Man's a Man, for a' that."

As he led me into the midst, I grasped the manly hand, and knew the noble spirit of the ploughman, Burns.

One after another they came forward and embraced and blessed me; and in this movement they always observed the order of my own preference. I knew them all. No one had need to say, "This is Moore," or, "This is Dante." The Individuality always announced itself.

Songs of welcome woke again, swelled and repeated by a thousand voices, caught and prolonged by a thousand harps. Of this music I have no power to speak. Description fails; for language fades away and dies in the bare conception of it. It was at once the compass of all grandeur, and the most intimate essence of all sweetness.

To have heard it unprepared, with a crude heart, and ear and soul untutored, would have been certain and instant death. Even as it was, I gasped, I panted in the almost ineffectual effort to match my weakness with its strength, my crudeness with its infinitely fine and piercing potencies. The very sense of pleasure drew on the heart-strings with a strain so tense, they seemed nigh to breaking. It was ecstasy acuter than pain.

But with this struggle came the reacting power. A sea of harmony was breathing, throbbing, heaving round me. Stretching away into unknown distance, it gathered itself up into mountain waves, and then came rolling, booming back, with its vocal volumes of sweetness and power. Would I be swallowed up? Would I be absorbed and annihilated in the swelling flood, that still swept onward? No. No. I caught the power and became one with it. I cast myself on the coming wave. It bore me up—up! *up!* into the inner Heaven of Harmonies. What is there cannot be told. Neither can a fitting image of it be brought away. Everything seemed annihilated but that most wonderful harmony, and the sense that could feel it and live.

How I was borne back I know not; for the spirit fainted with excess of rapture. This was my Initiation.

The power of my Guide reanimated and restored me. And then I could perceive more clearly the real character and true interest of the scene. I was surprised to observe the business-like order which everything suddenly assumed.

"You see," said Burns, who seemed drawn to me by an irresistible attraction, "that here there are no drones. We are not merely singers, but workers also. You would find, should you come near enough, that every one of these groups is actually a committee. All have their distinct plans, powers and purposes. And these, again, are resolved by their representatives into a Committee of the Whole."

"Of what nature is their action?" I asked.

"Here there is but one principle of interest and action, and

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that is Humanity," answered the Sage ; for the Poet at that moment was summoned away, by a necessity for his presence in the group to which he belonged.

"To this," continued the Sage, "all efforts and all interests converge ; and by all our combined Wills, this immense power is concentrated and polarized. Could the people below feel now and then but a ray of this light, they would see there is yet hope for the groaning Earth, and a day of universal and permanent good for the heirs of Mankind."

"Why do you not, then, make people see this thing ?" I asked, almost reproachfully. "Why leave them to suffer thus, without reason and without need ?"

"Dost thou not see," he responded, "that their capacity of sight is not yet unfolded to the requisite degree ? Milk is for babes ; meat only for strong men. We cannot, if we would, force development upon any. You see all these spirits separated into innumerable groups of well-defined powers and characters. They are grouped, as all other things are that act and move freely, by their Attractions. They who can best work in company consort together. They are all, now, either discussing or seeking to carry out in practice the best means of reaching and influencing circles below them."

I assented, but with difficulty, to his proposition, it seemed so clear to me that these spirits might, with all their combined potencies, take some more direct methods for effecting their ends. That dark fact, the existence and predominance of Evil, was an old stumbling-block. I was not yet wise or strong enough to escape it.

"Remember the lesson of the Hells," said the Sage, answering to the Thought he read. It is the same here, the same everywhere. There is no true expansion without growth—no true ascent without progress. And growth, as you well know, is a vital process, that must be mainly moved and maintained by the inherent vital forces. Hence you cannot force a true natural growth upon any being or

any thing. You must lay the foundation broad and strong, before you build. An attempt to rear the superstructure before you deposit the base is not more vain and futile than any effort to make a man wise before his time, and beyond his power."

"I confess myself in the wrong," I answered; "but I was quite carried away by an ineffectual desire to reach and comfort the sufferers."

"It is even so," he responded, "but this fervor will be tempered by a truer observation and a larger experience. Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

As my sight followed the direction of his hand, I beheld one vast outflowing circumference of life and beauty. I gasped for breath as the radiance broke upon me. It was an immense river of light, flowing down an inclined plane and sweeping away into infinite distance.

"But what is the meaning of yonder cloud?" I asked, pointing to a broad plain of darkness, that lay beneath and nearly parallel to the down-flowing light.

"That," he answered, "is a representation of crude human life, in the undeveloped and depraved masses of mankind."

"O how deplorable!" I exclaimed, turning from the chilly darkness with an intense shudder.

"Not altogether so," he answered mildly. "Look yet more closely."

As I did so, I perceived that the crust of the cloud was very thin in many places, in others quite broken, lighting the shadows, opening loop-holes, and letting in flecks and streams of light, more or less broad and perfect. Looking through these I beheld earnest faces, uplifted hands, and kindling eyes, all turned strongly toward the light, as if invoking its presence and its power.

"It is nature," said the Sage. "Warp it as you will; maim and bind it as you may; yet with the first moment of freedom it will begin to fetch itself round, and being left free it will certainly accomplish it. The law is universal.

From the bulb that bends back to the beam of light from a crack in your cellar-door, up to the man—the angel, everything after its kind—spontaneously seek the light. And thus are the Heavens, in a tempered and partial glory, let down to the Earth. Observe, my son, that as the more highly-favored ones develop, they shed forth beams of secondary splendor on all around them. Know, then, that a single impulse of good is infinite. Wave wakes wave, with ever multiplying motion. Feeling touches feeling. Thought stirs thought. And thus the tide sweeps on, gathering force with each rebound, bearing onward forever the pride and power, the genius and strength of ages. Nothing is lost. The very first ripple that woke in the dark, alone, on the remotest shore of Time, shall never be divested of itself. Though changing oceans may, for the time, absorb and swallow it up; yet true to the instinct of all being, it pushes ever onward, toward the Free, the True, the Perfect. There is no retrograde.

“This principle which thou now beholdest is the love of Beauty, and the capacity of feeling its power. By this universal sympathy of mankind, this innate sense and love of the Beautiful, the Earth is yet to be redeemed. Among the great powers of Progress, the first is Beauty. Heart-Queen of the World! None are so blind as to be insensible to her power. And thus will she finally mold mankind after the model of her own fineness.”

Thus saying he waved his hand; the rainbow drapery seemed to fall between us and the distance; and once more all stood encompassed by the Heaven of Art; for here not only poets, but all other artists are represented and allied.

There was little opportunity for special observation, where the whole scheme of things was on so grand and vast a scale. But I observed that we stood in the center of an immense amphitheater, that seemed to be both circular and spiral. Round and near us were the more familiar groups. And these were also generally nearest in point of time.

But what astonished me, and doubtless may surprise you,



was to see that type which we, in our savage egotism, have dared to brand as specifically servile, represented by some of the richest heirs of Immortal Genius. Thus, even while I speak, Ignatius Sancho, the accomplished African, walks by, chatting gayly with his old correspondent, Sterne. The young Cuban poets, Juan and Placido, mingle their brightness uneclipsed with the great lights of Burns and Byron, Hemans, Scott, and Sappho, while the gentle and gifted Phillis Wheatly is discoursing sweetest music with the divine Dante.

"Do you think," said the Sage, "that these spirits are less esteemed because they were Negroes, or Slaves, or that they are Slaves and Negroes still? You little know how the temporary eclipse out of which they have come reacts in radiations of immortal beauty and power. Before the very least and lowest of these the boldest Negro-hater would stand re-proved and dumb."

I was also joyful to see that here, too, our own Indian race have their representative poets; for they

"Have dwelt with Beauty, and know all her forms,
When she is loveliest, in sweet Nature's home.
Blest with a happier fortune they had wrought
A name to live, eternal as the stars;
And even yet, in this more genial sphere,
The fervid Soul of Genius shall come forth
From its long twilight of the lower life,
Into the perfect morning, and compete
With brother angels for the highest crown."

Here I observed how truly all Art is one, clothed in many forms, but inspired by one soul, and that is Music, or Harmony. And I saw, too, how characteristic features of genius drew together men of all professions. Thus Homer, Milton, Michael Angelo and Beethoven might represent one group; Burns, Hogarth, Goldsmith, Addison, and Thomas Hood, another; Shelley, Mozart, Raphael, and Tasso, another. But with his universality of genius, Shakspeare belonged to all—all-compassing—all-pervading—as his own Ariel.

Beyond and above all these I saw, and knew, Orpheus, Menu Shiraz, Sturleson, and all the great lights of the Scandinavian, Indian, Egyptian, and Persian Mythologies, authors of the Voluspa, the Vedas, and the Zend Avesta. The last and highest that I could see was the divine Isaiah, enveloped in robes of pure white light, and he seemed to be drawn out into a clearer sight by sympathy. Comparing myself with these immaculate ones, I shrunk back awe-struck and silent.

"Know, then," said the Sage, "that of all these immense groups, the highest is as the lowest, the lowest as the highest; and let this comfort thee. There is none so high but he has, directly or indirectly, ascended from the lowest grade. There is none so low but he yet has the capability of infinite aspiration and unlimited progress."

Again we were transported to a scene wholly and strikingly different. The air was so still and deep it seemed as if no breath had ever stirred it. The heavens, the earth, and the whole scene, had the same still profound. This was the region of philosophers, of those great and calm Souls, who are unfolding practical truths for the good of mankind. Among them Franklin, Fulton, Archimedes, and Arkwright, appeared highly distinguished. These were divided into groups, as the others had been. Sometimes also a single individual was closeted alone by himself—that is, by his own will. Whenever a Spirit wishes to be alone, I saw that Will was a barrier, impenetrable as the thickest walls. No one can enter there uninvited. But many of these bosom cells were hospitably opened to me; and in them I saw wonderful things, of which the possible idea has never yet dawned on the horizon of Earth. There were many types and models of Inventions, that must, some day, make greater revolutions in the Lower Land than have ever as yet been known. All kinds of machinery, with many modifications of Motive Power, passed in review before me. I observed that, in the progress of mechanical science, complication of forms and forces was rapidly passing into simplicity.

Next we entered the circle of Teachers ; and there I saw directly that what is true of Mechanics is eminently so of all other science, both spiritual and material. Humboldt and Cuvier have not yet finished their work ; nor have even Thales and Plato, and Seneca and Socrates. The longer a Spirit lives, the finer and more excellent is the power he generates. Hence his capacity of good service in any work must advance with his years. Through some inspired disciples of truth we shall yet have a more concise Cosmos, and a simpler classification of natural forms.

Next we entered the plane of Heroes and Warriors. Vast armies were marching and countermarching ; military tactics were discussed ; and all the machineries of war were examined and pronounced upon. In the inner portion of this sphere there was powerful concentration and intense stillness. Turning my thought into the common channel, I saw that the most powerful of these spirits, represented by Leonidas, Hannibal, Washington, Cæsar, Bonaparte, and Alexander, were impressing and aiding officers and men, then in actual engagement.* And thus I comprehended more clearly than ever the reasons of success or failure in the different degrees of intensity which this power assumes, and the different grades of receptivity in its media or material recipients. This also was apparent, that no powerful spirit *can* take sides with an unjust, ill-grounded war. Hence, in the long run, whatever may be the present hindrances, success must ultimately come to the Right.

Among the distinguished representatives of this principle, I was pleased to see how often old feuds were fused in present friendship. Julius Cæsar walked arm in arm with Brutus ; while Napoleon stood, face to face, in loving conversation with his old enemy, the equally grand and imperial Toussaint. And here, also, I observed that although the Negro race have never been regarded as brave, it was represented by a very

* This paper was written in the very midst of the late war.

large proportion of the highest heroism. And the reason for this is obvious. In a genuine struggle for freedom is called forth, at once, the boldest muscle and the intensest essence of the heroic power. Here the wrongs of History, which, as yet, have given little or no honor to the dark-browed Brave, are partially retrieved. Who will tell you of the deeds of Major Jeffrey, of Jude Hall, or the glorious Cuban poet, Placide? Among this race are thousands of nameless heroes, many of whom would take the highest rank. To use the beautiful words of Whittier, "Their bones whitened every field of the Revolution. Their feet tracked with blood the snows of New Jersey. Their toil built up every fortification South of the Potomac. They shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the pestilential horrors of the old Jersey Prison Ship."

And yet who remembers them? But here, embosomed with the bravest, their brows are bound with chaplets of imperishable renown. Worthy of all honor and here *is* remembered the grand reply of the boy, James Forten. When the English Captain offered him a happy home, wealth and honor in England, in exchange for the Jersey Prison Ship, how grandly loomed up the Soul of the Poor Mulatto Boy as he answered, "No—no: I am here held a prisoner for the liberties of my country, and never shall I prove a traitor to her interests." Truly has it been said that "the Colored Race have shed their blood for a country that made them aliens, and proved themselves men in a land that denied their manhood."

In recognition of my thought the Seer smiled. "You are right," he said. "Always, by all means, urge this point; for you can now more clearly see how a radical misapprehension of its importance has been the most fertile source of wrongdoing and wrong-suffering among your people. While they took the strongest stand in behalf of freedom, they yet circumscribed the common heirship of human liberty. What they claimed for themselves they denied to others; and for

this immeasurable wrong they are now paying the penalty, in outflowing rivers of blood—in broken hearts and desolated homes. Had you been just, you would have been at peace this very day.”

At this word I saw that many brows were saddened and many spirits bowed themselves, with a look of profound sorrow.

“And yet,” said the Sage, “if considered as part of the great machinery of Progress, this very war, hard and cruel as it is, is not wholly accidental, nor yet without important designs and uses. When in the course of a long and prosperous period the heart of a people has waxed gross, a great national calamity acts like medicine ; and bitter and nauseous as it may be, in due course of time it shall restore healthier conditions.

“You have been filled with wonder to see that here the right or propriety of war is recognized. Perhaps you do not understand the full spirit of this scene. The object of these councils is not the destruction of human life ; but the grand question is, how to carry forward the essential operations of war with the best possible maintenance of all involved rights, and the least possible expense of human blood.

“But, as you surmise, the spirit of human warfare is transient, and now is rapidly subsiding into the more excellent heroism of a finer civilization. Men cannot meet and hew each other down in battle as they once did ; and they are inventing destructive machines to do this drudgery for them. By and by there will be a yet truer appreciation, and the machines themselves will not be made : and they who meet to slay each other will be magnetized by brother eyes. Then will the Stronger say to the Weaker, ‘Come with me, and let us live and work in peace together.’ Then will he lead him to his broad lands, his spacious houses, his laden barns and granaries of overflowing fullness, saying, ‘Take according to thy needs, my brother ; for are not all these good things thine as well as mine ? Share the labor and divide the fruits.’ This

is the essence of all social and political economy. Let every man have all he needs, and none have any more. Then all will be richer and none poorer.

"This," added the Sage, after a moment's pause, "is the Spirit of the Millennium. It will come on widely-wafting wings of distribution. Then will all human power, which is now held in the iron bondage of necessity, be set free, to work, to build up, to improve, refine, invent—to multiply, by incalculable numbers, the means of Use and Power and Progress.

"But here," he added, as we turned back toward the Inner Heaven of Truth, "is a beautiful illustration of a great and well-known law, which pervades all nature, from the lowest mineral forms to the highest spiritual essences."

This Heaven, like the others, seemed arranged in a series of receding galleries; and as we stood in a side vestibule, the sight was unobstructed either above or below.

He passed his hand gently over my eyes, and, as I perceived, magnetized them, saying at the same time, "Now, behold."

Following the direction of the hand, I saw what seemed to be a sea of spiritual radiance, the particles of which appeared wholly inorganic and void of form. But on a closer inspection, I saw that it was an immense flood of Human Thought, flowing from the upper fountains and descending to the planes below. Innumerable essences of power, effort, will, and suffering, were not only typified and imaged here, but actually organized.

The radiance and perfection of their forms and characters transcend all expression; and yet they were microscopic, beyond the reach of any lens, save that of actual clear-sight. These were Thought-germs, born of the higher spheres, and flowing forth, a sea of Soul-shine, in the direction of the lower degrees. Confluent as they appeared in the superficial view, they were highly individualized. They were also born and sent forth with special relations to particular minds.

At first I was nearly blinded; and then the potentialized sense pleased itself with tracing and defining the multitudes of forms, powers, and uses, that were so radiantly mingled together in these embryonic floods, that shone like molten stars.

But, recalled by the Sage, my vision took a broader view. I looked through the spheres below, as they declined into almost infinite series, and saw that, wherever it was wanted, this germ-light was flowing in as fast and as far as it could. In short, the whole tendency and determination was to one grand level.

"O, beautiful!" I exclaimed, with a rapturous recognition of the truth. "This is Equilibrium."

"Truly so," answered the Sage. "All fluids tend to a level. This law is potent in the spiritual as in the material world. Truth flows down, naturally and necessarily, as water; and, whether we will or will not, we *must* give to those below us. Their wants invite our over-fullness, and even unknown to us the virtue will escape, and the descending Angel will be sure to find her home, where she is most truly sought and called for. When this law is once recognized in the Earth, there will be no more poverty—no more ignorance—for the present unnatural absorption of Learning and Wealth will be wholly and forever abolished."

Again the scene changed; and we passed into the Legislative and Congress halls—into the presence of patriots, and those who had given their lives for the love of mankind. I watched these assemblies with a pleased and interested eye. They were conducted with true parliamentary decorum. But as there were no apples of discord, in the shape of Ambition, or Selfishness in any of its forms, so there was no bickering, or ill feeling, as you too often see.

I thought at first that, for this reason, their debates must be tame, and devoid of any real dramatic or life interest. But a very little observation showed the mistake. As the lines of Individuality were strongly defined, so the debates were chiefly maintained by honest differences of opinion,

honestly and kindly, but yet vivaciously and boldly uttered. I observed especially how frequent and free was the flow of wit and humor. And in view of pressing emergencies, there was not wanting a fire and zeal, ay, and a genuine eloquence, amounting almost to passion, one could hardly conceive of, in disenthralled spirits. And by being brought into certain connections, I could perceive that, in proportion to the concentration of this power, would be the effects produced, on corresponding or sympathetic minds in the Earth. Thus all observation has confirmed me in the faith, that Progressive Action is the highest law of the Spirit World. But there is also rest for those who need that element of renovation; and to such it is profound, indeed.

"Thus, my son, hast thou seen," said the Sage, "the Heavens of Beauty, and the Heavens of Truth. When we next go abroad, we shall visit the Heaven of Love, the abode of those supra-angelic Minds, that have given their lives for the good of Mankind—the great Teachers and Saviours of Men. As these have ascended from the Heavens of all spheres, so we term their dwelling-place the Heaven of Heavens."

"If it be more glorious than these, how shall I behold it and live?" was my earnest, but weak and faltering thought.

"Sufficient unto the day shall be the strength thereof," answered the Sage. "But hast thou not observed that in the region of mind, the higher the flight, the truer will be the kindness, the diviner the love?"

"I have noticed that principle," I replied, "that the highest are always most gentle and lenient to the poor and lowly."

"Thus it ever is," responded the Sage. "And when we reach heights where all the wisdom we have hitherto seen would be crude and cold—all the love ungenial and repulsive—there will the Soul, however weak and lowly it may be, obtain fuller possession of itself than ever it could before."

"But here," resumed the Sage, as we passed out of the

vestibule bordering on the Land of Beauty, "opens for us an instructive lesson. Ponder it well, and mark its meaning."

We entered a palace of finest crystals, or rather gems. These were so arranged that the play of colors was wrought into pictures of exceeding delicacy and beauty. These were continually changing, and they came and went rapidly like Dissolving Views.

These pictures represented human life in every form and phase of condition and power; and the walls were hung with them, inside and out. There were also many spirits who caught these images and rapidly disappeared. Following the direction of the Sage's hand, I saw that they were descending to Earth. A touch from the magnetizer invested my eyes with a horoscopic power, and they followed the flight. I saw then that these spirits had visited the Earth on the darkened, or Night-side. Many a still chamber did they enter, and lay the pictures before the mind of the sleeper.

Thus the maiden beheld her coming lover, the mother her lost or absent child; and the dying soldier, or sailor, the home and friends he will revisit no more.

There were also dark images, forms of sorrow and death, and the angels that bore them were enveloped in shadows and mystery.

"And these are dreams—visions!" I exclaimed, hardly daring to speak, lest I should dissolve the mystic spell of enchantment.

"Yes," answered the Sage. "Know, then, that thou hast entered and unveiled the secrets of the Palace of Dreams. And thus thou seest that our visions of the night are not born of air only, but they are tangible and real things."

"Why, then, do they not always portray the truth?" I asked. "If angels project them, why should they ever be false?"

"Thou hast but an imperfect measure of wisdom, my son," he replied. "The literal fact is not, by any means,

always the highest truth. But if dreams could be understood as they really are, they would always be seen to have a special meaning and a genuine point. The condition of Sleep is a temporary death ; and dreams are the experiences of the Soul in this state.

And you can now see why

“ ‘ Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures and the touch of joy.’ ”

As we passed on in this review, I fell into sympathy with a dreamer of my own household ; and thus I was, almost unconsciously, once more brought back into direct correspondence with the people of Earth.

THE SILENT WEAVERS.

BY BELLE BUSH.

I NEVER speak a hasty word
But that my heart goes grieving ;
I never breathe an unkind wish
But soon I feel the weaving—
Within my own life's "tangled web"
Of threads that wish revealing,
By unseen hands placed deftly there
Love's brighter threads concealing.

I never crush a timid flower
By quick, or careless wending,
But that I seem to feel the pang
The bruised flower-heart rending.
I never tax another's hand
To give me ease, or pleasure,
But soon I hear a voice that says,
"Give thou, in equal measure."

I never wound, by judgments harsh,
A sister, or a brother,
But back the sentence comes to me,
"Just as you judge another
Shall you be judged ; and as you mete,
To you that shall be measured ;"
For every thought of every deed
Is by the spirit treasured.

If saintly airs I e'er assume,
Another's faults disdaining,
I'm sure some secret wrong to find
The victory o'er me gaining.
And when with pride I walk, I think
Humility is better ;
For angels see thro' all disguise,
And know each stain, and fetter—

That mars, or binds the spirit here
To states of infruition,
And ah ! they counsel us, in *love*
To follow Love's tuition—
And hold as sacred *all* the forms
Of human life here given,
The least of which, but sunshine needs
And room to grow towards heaven.

The best, imperfect, tempted oft,
And oft to passion swaying,
As often from the heavenly way
Thro' weakness blindly straying.
Ah ! hard the task that Love reveals,
And oft my heart goes grieving,
Because life's brighter threads lie hid
'Neath those my faults keep weaving.

Ah, me ! I often feel the thrill
Made by their silent weaving ;
And with it comes the sudden jar
Of chords within me grieving.

Whenever from my lips there falls
A word of hate or scorning,
Then quick, I hear Love's signal bells
Ring out a voiceful warning—

Of act unkind, unworthy one
Who hears the angels singing,
While all the answering aisles above
Are with their anthems ringing.
Whene'er I doubt the tender care
My footsteps ever guiding ;
Or fear some good will be denied,
Ah ! *then* I hear Love's chiding.

Love's gentle chiding whispered low,
All apprehension stilling,
And helping me in trust to say
I'll *work* as God is willing.
And as He leads I'll follow on,
As one who needs direction,
A child that, erring oft, requires
As oft, His kind correction.

Oh ! would that I might thrill to songs
That only Love is weaving,
Then would I hush the mournful sound
Of chords that now keep grieving ;
But many imperfections mar
The plans my heart is weaving—
Hence, oft I feel the sudden jar
Of chords within me grieving.

The more I strive to find the good
The greater seems my weakness ;
I hold not yet one perfect gift—
What can I claim but meekness.
Oh ! why is this ; whose hands are they
Life's web so deftly weaving,
That every thought, and every deed,
Must give us joy, or grieving ?

And woven into the curious web
Of life must live forever ?
For bright or dark, no thread can we
From woof or warp dissever.
Ah, me ! the weavers are, and time
The flying shuttle, cleaving
Its way thro' all our life, with threads
To give us joy or grieving.

Ah, me ! too oft we feel the thrill
Of unseen fingers weaving—
Now in, then out the web of life—
Some threads that cause us grieving.
Oh ! would that we, from day to day,
With shining ones might fashion
The wondrous pattern of our lives,
Now often marred by passion.

Would that the world, ensphered in joy,
Harmonious lives revealing,
Might rise to higher states and deeds,
The darker threads concealing ;
Then Love and Wisdom, joined at last,
The truth from each receiving,
Would wake their rhythmic songs on earth
And still the voice of grieving.

DANGERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE average intelligence and morality of any nation may be inferred from an examination of the personal characteristics of the men whom the people are most disposed to honor with their confidence. It may be safe, therefore, to form our judgment of the general character of a political party by the standard of the individual mind and morals of those who are selected as the exponents of its principles, and the representatives of its claims and interests. Not only do the intellectual capacity and moral standing of the representative serve as a general index to the common mind and character of his constituents, but we are thus enabled to wisely estimate the chances of future material progress, intellectual development and moral elevation of the community.

The sagacious statesman whose clear vision and profound judgment enable him to perceive and comprehend the chief dangers that menace the safety of the Republic, will not discover them in the hostile attitude of foreign nations. On the contrary, they exist *within our own borders*—in ignorance of the true principles of our Government; in a fatal apathy on questions of vital importance; and in the political infidelity of those who make and administer the laws. If the Republic ever falls from its proud eminence it will be from the operation of these causes. The nation is not necessarily powerful in proportion to its physical development. The mountain oak falls heavily in the path of the tempest, and a giant may be smitten with palsy. The continual expansion of our territory without a corresponding development of the power of national assimilation, only renders our situation one of increasing danger. This rapid aggregation of foreign elements, in the

absence of a central attraction to bind them together, may imperil the Union and render our destiny uncertain.

The old distinctions of caste are incompatible with the nature of our institutions. Under a representative government no class can be held in subordination without endangering the State. The ordinary inequalities that almost inevitably separate different classes in the community—if they lead to any form of political or social ostracism—may terminate in public hostilities and national disintegration. These evils are most likely to appear when and where the jurisdiction of a government extends over a vast territory, and embraces people of diverse tastes, habits, pursuits and interests. In such cases the difficulties in the way of national unity are likely to be many and complicated. Even a wide difference in the degrees of mental culture and moral development—of the people of different sections—may occasion mutual misapprehension, develop local prejudices, arouse the destructive passions, and thus lead to sectional hatred and strife of so serious a nature as to threaten the stability of the government. The shade that surrounds the light of the lamp is broken when the flame and the consequent expansion are unequal on its opposite sides. In like manner, if the people in one part of the country are free, enlightened, progressive, and hospitable to new ideas and improved methods of life, while in the opposite section they are unduly restrained, ignorant, conservative, and hostile to every liberal conception and enterprise, the union may almost as naturally be dissolved from the operation of this cause, as a glass globe may be broken by a rapid expansion of one side only. It follows, therefore, that universal education, a free and general interchange of thought, a wide diffusion of knowledge, and withal a mental and moral growth as nearly equal as the several degrees of individual capacity will allow, are among the most important means of public security. These, with a just regard for the equal rights of all—even the humblest citizen—are necessary to insure the safety of the Republic.

The idea that the national strength is to be determined by the length of geographical lines is a delusion. Nor is it to be found in the size of the Army and Navy. Superficial politicians look for it in an *inventory*! They call the roll; they count the carbines and the cannon; they weigh the round and chain-shot, and measure out the saltpeter and charcoal. The Secretary of War puts down the figures, and the newspapers report the measure of strength possessed by the nation. The relative proportions of its different elements are thus clearly determined by numbers, by avoirdupois, or by the bushel! Then the people read the report, and they sleep soundly because the nation is strong, and there is no danger.

But these superficial indications of national greatness and power may be all deceptive. A nation's strength does not depend so much on the number of its inhabitants, the durability of its fortifications and the abundance of its stores and means of defence, as it does on *the integrity and intelligence of the people*. This is more especially true under a representative government. Men may theorize as they will, but the nation is always weak when the sources of its power are corrupted, and there is a moral poison in the springs of its political existence. When the common life of a people becomes artificial and sensual; when their rulers are actuated by a misguided and selfish ambition, that only aims at personal aggrandizement, and at partisan interests and triumphs, we shall look in vain for real strength and permanent security.

We are not merely giving expression to a conviction of to-day, inspired by a knowledge of our late national experiences. This will appear from the following passage, extracted in substance from an oration delivered by the writer, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1844:

There is an impressive lesson in the rise, progress and fall of the early Republics, and in the history of all nations, that should not be forgotten. Their experience admonishes us to

guard our institutions with a vigilance that never sleeps. And yet, we neither pause to count the cost of our freedom, nor heed the dangers to which it is exposed. Doubtless, a constant tide of good fortune hastened the "decline and fall of the Roman Empire." It will be well for the interests of civilization if, in our case, the same causes do not produce similar results. When Rome was young, and her mountain home consecrated by the virtues that exalt humanity, she was unconquerable. But at length she fell from the "bad eminence" of her vain ambition, in the period of great apparent strength,—only because the moral restraints and active virtues of the people were no longer commensurate with her physical development. To-day, there is not a nation on earth whose government is corrupt and whose citizens are selfish and depraved, that enjoys an exaltation worth possessing. The high places of an unscrupulous ambition are slippery places, from which the proudest natures surely fall. And this is the sad story, briefly told, of all the great empires and imperial dynasties of the world.

The order of Nature and the programme of the historic drama, are not likely to be reversed that the infidelities of men and nations may be immortalized. Like Rome we were strong when we were weak; and shall it hereafter be said of us, that our great apparent strength was but the specious covering of intrinsic and fatal debility. We are misled by appearances, and the pet conceits of capricious masters. We search for the elements of power where they are not to be found, and overlook the great moral forces that render individuals illustrious and nations invincible. We go on increasing the family of States while the central bond is growing weaker. And yet we can not resist the conviction, that the internal power of cohesion must be equal to the aggregation of outward elements to insure the national safety. This state of things unhappily does not exist in our country. On the contrary, the political cohesive attraction is diminished not only by existing sectional repulsions, but by every attempt to

assimilate the incongruous elements of distant peoples, whose ideas, habits, customs and civilization are all unlike our own. The most ponderous bodies are first to yield to the natural law of gravitation, and from the causes already suggested we may yet fall from our high estate.

Not less fatal than this blind infatuation is the deep depravity of many of our political leaders. I refer to no particular party, but to all parties, since all have been guilty. Consider the means employed to defeat the popular will in the choice of our rulers. In the better days of the Republic men were esteemed for their devotion to the national constitution; they were honored because they respected the principles of reciprocal justice and the claims of public morality. But in these degenerate days—especially in our populous cities—the political value of a man is often estimated by a very different standard. Whoever will give the most money to insure the success of his candidate may assume the front rank among the votaries of his own political creed. The mere harlequin and the bravo who, by fraud and force, can obtain the largest number of votes, are presumed to possess an envied distinction. It is a preëminence that noble minds should scorn. This bold abandonment of principle; this unreasoning devotion to a selfish and soulless political policy; this corruption of the ballot-box, and virtual sacrifice of all that is sacred in the suffrage;—these felonious assaults upon the national honor and the principles of public justice, endanger the most sacred interests of our country. The reckless spirit that thus defames and defiles the national character must be restrained. The men who practice such things strike at the foundation of popular freedom and democratic institutions. Their professions of interest in the public welfare are false, and their consciences are blistered with lies. They are the assassins of Liberty! These Vandals would not hesitate to pull down the pillars of the constitution and ride to power over the scattered pages of their country's laws.

On the eve of the great Rebellion the writer had occasion

to record the following expression of his views on the impending national disaster :

With calm deliberation and a resolute purpose, tempered by a serene and solemn trust in God, we approach the national trial, and the practical demonstration of our unmeasured capabilities and unyielding spirit. The elements are at work beneath the surface, and the current of events is rapidly bearing us on to great and fearful issues. The ordeal will doubtless explode our false ideas, demolish many old political idols, revive our patriotism for a little season, and, possibly, do something to purify the government. It will expose the dark devices of traitors and other criminals to public observation. By its fearful attritions it will remove the gilding from the holiday heroes and sham-patriots of the time, and leave a multitude of political hobby-riders *hors de combat*.

But war, at best, is terrible and mournful in many of its aspects and consequences. But it may be useful as a scourge for national transgressions, and as a means of breaking up the chronic evils of centuries. It may accomplish this end in our experience. It is well if the perfection of our modern infernal engines shall serve to hasten the termination of the deadly strife, and to render the occasion for such struggles less frequent in future. The clouds that gather over governments and peoples ; the storms that break with desolating power above the political fabrics of the world leave the sky clear, the atmosphere calm, and the sun bright as ever before. And the earth itself may possibly be greener and more beautiful after a baptism of blood, since, in the order of Nature, new life springs up from the ashes of decay. Our faith is in the

“ ——— Divinity that shapes our ends.”

It is through the passage of this red sea, that we shall yet reach the Promised Land of a better civilization, and of a wider and truer freedom for our country and for mankind. Our motto shall be *nil desperandum de republica*. And we believe, that above every storm-cloud, and amidst each suc-

ceeding scene of ruin, the genius of the nation will rise with a prouder mien and a firmer self-reliance. May we not find consolation in this trying hour, and the elements of a sublime faith, in the fact, that Nature is too great and God too wise to either turn aside or be disturbed by our petty antagonisms, and the small substance of human deeds?

And so Columbia, wearing a crown of thorns and bending beneath the weight of her heavy cross, was led to crucifixion. The sun of our national prosperity was obscured by a lurid and bloody eclipse; the veil of the temple of Liberty was rent in twain; and our hillsides and valleys became one vast Golgotha, that our nationality might be purified and redeemed. And shall this terrible lesson be lost in the experience of a long-suffering people? Shall we relapse into the old apathy; and suffer Liberty to be again betrayed by political Iscariots? We are strong, and we are safe, only so long as we are vigilant and just. Darkness comes over the State when the popular thought, feeling, and sentiment are perverted. If governments fail from no other cause, they are sure to perish when pride and affluence have weakened the restraints of virtue and enfeebled the common mind. So long as nations are firm in the love of truth and the administration of justice, they are not likely to fall. But when they have been spoiled by an artificial life, corrupted and tormented by a vain ambition, and blackened by a long course of injustice and crime—suddenly the nation is arrested in its blind career, and the wheels of government

“——— stand still with a rending jar.”

We have been led into this train of thought by the conviction that our institutions are constantly exposed to danger from the influence of political corruption and the moral degeneracy of the times. The recent disclosures at Washington and elsewhere, must convince every thoughtful citizen that these evils are painfully conspicuous among our legislators and magistrates. We have too many bold, bad men in

office. Such men often possess brilliant talents it is true ; but the Lucifer of the poets had shining qualities, and even the popular religion credits him with fathomless ability. Satan, however, is a corrupt legislator and a devilish poor judge. He advocates an unlimited license law ; he favors rascality in all his decisions, imposes heavy taxes, and is sure to appropriate our means to ignoble purposes. The fact that a man is capable of great mischief may suggest a plausible reason for his rejection, but it surely gives him no claim whatever to our support. We may, possibly, suffer from the ignorance of those who represent us in the State and National Councils ; but *we have* suffered long and shamefully already from the recklessness, dissipation and depravity of men whom we have unwisely elevated to places of public responsibility.

Men who believe that Might and Right are *one*, are dangerous alike to the interests of the individual and the integrity of the State. Legislators who create chartered monopolies, which give to capital the power to oppress the poor man, and to shackle the industry of the country ; scurvy politicians, who employ public institutions for private ends ; political pariahs, who wander about the citadel of Liberty, insisting that the most sacred rights are all lodged in the hues of the epidermis ; illegitimate Americans, who have not yet outlived the base desire to set the iron heel of power on the necks of millions ; “fellows of the baser sort,” who profanely scoff at the claims of Justice and Humanity—except when they speak in public on the eve of an election—all these classes should be restrained by the awakened moral sense of the community, expressed through the silent but impressive language of the ballot. We want men to make and administer our laws whose hands were never stained with bribes, and whose high moral sense stoops to no artifice and listens to no compromise with wrong.

THE VOICE OF THE PINE.

THE ashes of one of the fairest earthly beings—to whom reference is made in the following poem—repose in a rural cemetery, on a beautiful eminence, away from the strife and noise of the busy world. A tall pine casts its shadow over the consecrated spot, through whose boughs the evening winds breathe a low requiem, solemn and sweet as the sacred memories of youth and love.—ED.

O lonely pine ! O fadeless pine !
In dreams I hear the wave,
At evening shade and morning prime,
Beside the lost one's grave.
“ Not lost, not lost, but Spirit-found,”
Thou whisperest still to me ;
Thou watcher o'er the forest mound,
O lonely, sacred tree !

O mystic tree, thy branches thrill
To meet the morning glow,
But all thy earthly nerves lie still,
They clasp the form below.
The earthly fibrils of my breast
Cling to the dust with thee—
The dust beneath thee laid to rest,
O Spirit-whispering tree !

Yet from the brightness of the dawn
There comes a mystic breath,
The whisper of the Angel gone
From out this world of death.
My bosom, like a haunted lyre,
Breathes mystic strains with thee—
Strains wafted from the Spirit-choir,
O lone, memorial tree !

The Editor at Home.

THE IMPENDING QUESTION.

THE question that just now deeply concerns the interests of society is that which involves the political enfranchisement of woman, and her equality with man before the law. We need not waste time in proving what is implied and assumed in the premises, for all this is self-evident. A proposal to summon witnesses, or to frame an argument with a view of showing that her political rights and legal equality are not now recognized, would be a work of supererogation. The proofs of her inequality inhere in the letter of the constitution and in the essential spirit of the statutes. This evidence is not only conspicuous in the political structures and settled policies of foreign governments, but in the legal enactments of all American States. Our legislators exercise a discrimination, that is at once incompatible with the principles of our government and false to the true interests of woman. Her natural rights are not respected in our political institutions; and our politicians seem willing to have this iniquity continue.

We have no power to conceal the facts; nor have we a disposition to hide this wrong beneath the drapery of plausible excuses and gilded periods. It is more to our taste to strip off its conventional covering and scourge it naked to the judgment. We do not palliate the evil by assuming that the laws which thus discriminate against the righteous demands of woman were enacted a long time ago; and that we have now come to entertain more liberal and enlightened views of the just claims of human nature. If this be true, then is the measure of our responsibility increased. If we are wiser grown, why are the statutes that so offend the sense of common justice permitted to remain? They are *our* laws in every vital sense, if we adopt them without revision, and are content

to live under their administration. It is in our power to repeal them if we please ; but we do not. Not only were they framed in the narrow scheme of a selfish ambition, but they are still executed by men, and in the special interest of masculine human nature. It accords with the customs of petty despots and scurvy politicians to govern in this way, but a truly noble nature must scorn to accept this mean advantage.

Democracy is briefly defined to be "government by the people and for the people." It assumes that the essential elements of all human rights and political authority necessarily belong to human beings ; that our rights under the laws of Nature are forever inalienable ; that it is the just prerogative of every one to demand a faithful representation of his or her interests before the law-making power ; that the statutes shall be framed with a wise reference to the liberty and equality of all classes and conditions of people ; that the just powers of the government and the validity of the laws must depend at last on the consent of the governed ; that the same shall be duly and impartially administered ; that there shall be no discrimination against the weak and in favor of privileged classes ; and no taxation without representation. Such is the nature of a true democracy. Whatever our government may chance to be or choose to do, principles never change, and facts must determine our conclusions. In the light of these principles it will be obvious, that the great Republic still falls far short of the true standard. Our political superstructure, even now, is but a very limited democracy, since one-half of the people have no participation in the government of the nation.

The political subordination of woman may be consistent with a despotic form of government, wherein armed power rules over the weak and defenceless as it will ; it may coëxist either under a monarchy or an aristocracy without any manifest violation of the fundamental principles of such governments. It is, however, at war with the laws of Nature and the requirements of a true democracy. God is no respecter of persons ; Nature recognizes no superficial distinctions, and

wherever justice reigns supreme there is a sublime equality among men. All the natural rights that belong to any one human being are the equal inheritance of all. They are not subject to any arbitrary limitations. We are happy to know that our concurrence contributes nothing to their force while our opposition can never diminish their authority.

In a state of nature every one has a right to the free exercise and absolute control of his or her own person ; self-protection is said to be the first law of Nature. Moreover, the female has the right to the undisputed possession of her own offspring. This law is even respected by the common instinct of the animal creation. If these rights exist in humanity ; if their exercise constitutes a normal function of our being, they should be faithfully represented in our social and political institutions. Neither the individual nor the nation have any power to either abrogate the laws and relations ordained of God for the government of the natural world, or to successfully resist their action. Those laws are as imperishable as the existence of spirit and matter. We shall be truly wise if we build our institutions on this indestructible foundation. Only in the precise degree that they are made to harmonize with the laws and requirements of Nature can we rationally expect them to endure. We are erecting a vast political superstructure whose dome may yet overshadow the whole continent ; but if we disregard the claims of justice ; if we build unwisely on the shifting sands of worldly circumstances and political expediency, we shall sooner or later find the ground yielding beneath us ; and at last the whole structure will go down amidst the surges of revolution.

As a nation we are grossly inconsistent. It is not long since we permitted the slave-pen and the auction-block to stand under the shadow of the national Capitol and beneath the folds of the star-spangled banner. The nation did not comprehend the danger of such injustice and inhumanity. When the arguments of Reformers and the denunciation of outraged humanity failed ; when the most cogent appeals to

the reason and consciences of men were all powerless, God and the stern logic of events prevailed, and the shackles of millions were broken. The nation had refused to be admonished. It even justified the gigantic wrong, and seemed to glory in its infamy. It was only through the instrumentality of a fearful judgment that the abomination could be removed. And so the nation was left to bear its heavy cross; and all nations witnessed the shame of its terrible crucifixion. And thus our country expiated its deadly sin in one mournful libation of tears, and sweat, and blood.

And still we have not half learned the lesson suggested by the recent conflict. The American people do not yet realize that democracy, even in this country, is a pitiful sham until its principles are universally applied. At best the democratic idea is only an abstraction so long as half the people have no voice in the Government. It is true we do not make a formal sale of women in the open market; but in a certain sense they are *sold*, nevertheless. Nor do we regard them as slaves, yet they are politically bound. Comparatively few women appear to be sensible of the restraints imposed upon them, simply because those limitations are a part of the common inheritance and experience of the sex. But the more enlightened women who *do* realize the truth, and hence earnestly demand the freedom of nature and the independence of citizenship, are entitled to be heard for themselves and for their cause. It is not enough that we gild their chains. We may burnish the walls of the prison-house, but this will not satisfy the captive who yearns and sighs for liberty. Woman modestly but firmly insists that her acknowledged natural rights shall now receive a political interpretation—in short, she asks for freedom. It is a reasonable request, and the day is at hand when her prayer must be answered.

A philosophical view of our government discloses the fact, that it is somewhat nondescript in its character. It assumes that *men* are entitled to rule this world by a species of divine right, and that the nature of the business does not admit of

any copartnership. In this respect it is more arrogant and domineering than European monarchies, wherein a single woman may be permitted to represent the power of the government. This country also possesses some of the characteristics of an *absolute despotism*, since it makes laws for the government of millions of human beings without so much as taking the trouble to ascertain their views; and the laws so made are enforced while the consent of the governed has never been obtained. Our government is, moreover, somewhat *aristocratic* in its nature. An aristocracy is a government in which a greater or less number of the people govern all the rest. There are different forms of aristocracy, more especially in the countries of the Old World. There is the aristocracy of Birth and Rank, which comes to us with the claims of a distinguished and titled ancestry, eminent names, ensigns armorial, historic records and associations. There is something respectable in all that and worthy of recognition. Then, there is the aristocracy of Mind, which claims the grand inheritance of Genius and the possession of superior wisdom; and that is still more respectable. We also have an aristocracy of Wealth, which may or may not be respectable. The decision of the question mainly depends on the manner of its acquisition and the uses to which it is applied. The aristocracy of wealth is frequently proud, insolent, and overbearing. The only possible foundation for any divine right in this case appears to exist in the fact that, in this commercial age, Mammon is chief among the gods. But the aristocracy which is most general and most presumptuous in its claims; which swallows up the others and embraces all the unwashed sinners who wear whiskers; the dominating power that bestrides the world in its haughty and unlimited assumption of authority, is the most potent aristocracy of *Pantaloons*. This is the chivalric aristocracy that burns powder and peddles politics; that robs Christian mothers of their little children; that modestly elects itself to Congress and the Legislature, and makes laws giving itself great monopolies and special legal protec-

tion. And yet the chief claims of this miserable aristocracy may all hang on a pair of suspenders, and we may look in Chatham street to find the insignia of its high prerogatives.

We cannot now speculate on the probable results of the political enfranchisement of woman; but we may consider that question at another time. It may not be out of place, however, to remark, that we do not sympathize with the childish fears of timid mortals who question the policy of doing right. We believe it is always expedient to be just. It is only from our inequality before the law that freedom in some cases degenerates into license, and in others is subject to arbitrary and unnatural restraints. The writer claims no political preëminence over any one, and last of all over WOMAN. We ask that the law may extend its Ægis over all alike. The rights men possess and fearlessly exercise, we boldly demand in the common interest of the Human Race. And here we cannot resist the conviction, that the strict equality of political as well as natural rights would be speedily recognized in this country—in the interest of Woman—if there existed any considerable degree of unanimity in demanding the enfranchisement of the sex; but it is obvious that most women are not only quite satisfied to remain as they are, but they still either regard the proposed change with indifference or with a feeling of hostility.

Now we do not propose to thrust the ballot into the unwilling hand of any woman. We only insist that her political restraints and legal disabilities shall be taken away. We never compel a man to vote; but we do leave him free to exercise all the privileges of citizenship if he be so disposed. But if, unfortunately, he undervalues his rights and is willing to submit to arbitrary masters; if he be low born and base enough to fondly hug the chains he wears; we must permit him to follow the inclinations of his stupid and sluggish soul, until his true nature is clearly defined, in a just conception and appreciation of the dignity of his Manhood.

“Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.”

LIVING AMERICAN REFORMERS.

I.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

DR. BUCHANAN was born at Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 11th, 1814. His father, Joseph Buchanan, was a profound, original thinker, learned in Medicine, Law, and Mechanical Science. He was appointed to a professorship in the first medical school founded in the West. He interested himself in the progress of education, and at one time taught a law school. He was also a practical journalist; author of a work on the "Philosophy of Human Nature;" and always a Reformer.

The subject of this sketch displayed, at a very early age, unusual mental capacity and a paramount taste for grave studies. The development of his mind was somewhat precocious, and before he was twelve years old he became deeply interested in Mathematics and Astronomy, was familiar with the accepted systems of Political Economy, Mental Philosophy and the principles of government. His father selected the legal profession for his son; but while at the age of thirteen the boy had mastered Blackstone, he developed no special taste for the profession.

At the age of fourteen years he lost his father, and was of necessity thrown on his own resources. Thus early in life he was left alone to travel the rugged path that leads to the development of manly strength and the achievement of an honorable fame. He commenced the discipline of actual labor as a practical printer; but after two years returned to his studies, and, at the same time, engaged in teaching as a means of defraying his expenses. Subsequently, he graduated in Medi-

cine from the Transylvania University. His attention was especially attracted to a study of the structure and functions of the brain. In his twenty-first year he gave lectures on Phrenology, detecting and exposing the errors of Gall, and the charlatanry of such of our American phrenologists as have subordinated the claims of science to the interests of the pocket. Not for the paltry sum of three or five dollars did he ever consent to tell a flattering story, fill up a chart, and play on the organs of an empty head, as "on a harp of a thousand strings." There are men who thus defame science, and trail her garments in the dust—*ad captandum vulgus*—but Dr. Buchanan has no fellowship with such pretenders.

In 1841 he is said to have discovered the art of so exciting the several organs of the brain as to produce their appropriate functions at will. By his careful experiments and critical observations, he placed Phrenology on a more positive and scientific basis, and so enforced its claims as to command respect among philosophers and scholars. His experiments were repeated by Prof. Mitchell, of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and others, and so widely reported by the press as to awaken a deep interest both in this country and Europe.

In 1842 Dr. Buchanan introduced his discoveries to the New York public, and at once attracted some of the best minds in the city. The *Democratic Review* noticed the Professor and his lectures in a handsome manner. The *Evening Post* issued an Extra to give an account of his experiments, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Bryant, O'Sullivan and Fry published the opinion that he had opened a field "second to no other in its importance to science and humanity." Robert Dale Owen, who witnessed his experiments and listened to his expositions—in a letter to the *Evening Post*—expressed the conviction, that when the subject had undergone general investigation the name of Buchanan would stand "hardly second to that of any philosopher or philanthropist who ever devoted his life to the cause of science and

the benefit of the human race." About the same time the venerable Professor Caldwell, in presence of his colleagues—while conferring a medical degree—told them that the subject of this sketch would be remembered when they were all buried in oblivion.

In Boston Professor Buchanan invited an investigation of his claims by the Academy of Sciences ; but that institution confined its labors, in this direction, to a brief interview and the passage of a complimentary resolution. During the six months spent in Boston Dr. B. demonstrated the principles of his science to the satisfaction of intelligent audiences, and learned committees of medical gentlemen, embracing Drs. Flint, Ingalls, Bowditch, and others not less distinguished. The *Post* published an account of his experiments ; and Rev. John Pierpoint presided at a meeting which recognized his eminent claims in a series of eulogistic resolutions.

After five years spent in the propagandism of his views and discoveries, he accepted the professor's chair of Physiology and the Institutes of Medicine, in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, which he occupied for ten years, a part of which time he was Dean of the Faculty. In addition to the duties of his professorship he taught Anthropology, edited a Medical Magazine, and, for five years, conducted the *Journal of Man*, bringing out his system of Anthropological Science. While in Cincinnati he was engaged in a controversy with Rev. Dr. Rice, which was subsequently published.

In 1857 our friend withdrew from the College and removed to Louisville, Ky., where the writer first met him. With a view of promoting the health of his family he spent several years on a farm. While there he became temporarily interested in politics, advocating peace ; and from 1863 to 1866 he officiated as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. He took the lead in pacific measures, and labored conscientiously to subdue the asperities of the late conflict. His political friends brought him forward as a candidate for Governor of the State, but he declined the honor,

feeling that his scholastic tastes and love of retirement unfitted him for political life.

Several years since Dr. Buchanan removed to New York, and now resides in Syracuse. Of late he has devoted his attention to his own Mechanical Inventions, some of which give promise of great personal advantage and public utility. The Doctor is not alone in entertaining the idea, that the acceptance of his anthropological discoveries would realize whatever is best in the philosophical conceptions of Aristotle, Plato, Gall, Spurzheim, Fourier, Comte, Des Cartes, Kant, Spencer, Darwin, Huxley and others, each of whom—in his own time and manner—has brought into special prominence some phase or phases of the comprehensive philosophy outlined in the author's new system. So profoundly is our friend impressed with the paramount importance of the Science of Man, as comprehended in his system, that he discovers neither the occasion nor the inclination to give undue prominence to his own strong individuality. In a private communication—received not long since—his views and feelings find becoming expression in the following extract :

“In the grandeur of these discoveries my personality is lost. I feel profoundly that I am a most feeble and unworthy messenger of the greatest truths ever offered to mankind ; and hence I have been slow and reluctant to engage in their propagation—since I was not in a position to command the reverence for the truth to which it was entitled. But I hope to live to make some amends for this long delay. I do believe that the world's progress has prepared millions to welcome truth who twenty years ago would have scorned it.

“In this crisis I hold as brothers all who are laboring for the New Era, and long for the time when I can devote myself to the work without reserve.”

“Not for the present hour I live,
Not for the pleasures that the senses give,
Not for the fame that followeth a good pen,
Not for the loud applause of men,

Not for the rank that wealth can give,
Not for ambition's race I live—
But while I live, my life may not be vain,
If I but file one link from Error's chain—
Earth hath no tie my soul to bind,
But love and hope for human kind—
For all !”



II.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

AFTER surveying the department of religious instruction, and comparing the respective claims of many faithful laborers in that broad field, we have selected Rev. O. B. Frothingham as a representative of the progress of the American Pulpit. Mr. Frothingham was born in Boston, Mass., Nov. 26, 1822, and hence is now in his fifty-first year. His father was a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and he gave his son—in addition to the elementary training of the common schools—the advantage of the public Latin School in that city, and, subsequently, the Collegiate course at Harvard. After entering upon the work of the ministry the subject of this imperfect sketch devoted eight years to professional labors in Salem, Mass.; subsequently he continued his work—during a period of four years—in a similar relation at Jersey City, N. J. In the spring of 1859 he removed to the Metropolitan City, where he has exerted a wide, strong and healthful influence, in molding and directing the religious thought of a large

and enlightened class of our citizens. During this period of some fourteen years, the press has contributed to extend his influence until it is now fairly recognized in every part of the country.

Mr. Frothingham's mental development has been at once steady, natural and vigorous. He has grown up out of Unitarianism into a broad and rational faith, based on the fundamental facts and essential principles of human nature as comprehended in the revelations of physical and metaphysical science. Such a man can stand alone and support many other and feebler natures. The small props intended for the use of debilitated souls—and those poor cripples who so much need the healing touch of a true apostle—are of no service in his hands. Such instrumentalities are reserved for the use of theological infirmaries, and employed in the practice of those modern schools that require a perpetually increasing army of doctors to save the life of their sickly divinity. Ecclesiastical councils and dogmatic creeds are made by and for inferior creatures. A strong, independent and manly nature, munificently endowed; bold, yet characterized by a rational reverence and a becoming modesty; whose supreme authority to teach is never derived from a convention, but comes direct from God; whose strong and vital fellowship is not expressed on a dry parchment, but in a living power that lays hold of men's souls—surely, such men neither require ecclesiastical establishments to hold them up, nor will they bow down to such arbitrary masters. Such a character represents our ideal of the man whose name we have written in this connection.

In a communication received from Mr. Frothingham, he thus expresses the dominant conception of his mind, and the chief purpose of his life and labors:

“My central idea is that the cardinal beliefs of mankind authenticate themselves by their prevalence and power. The religions of the world voice the world's experiences, and are valid with the people whom they satisfy. All have the same origin—the same inspiration—the same authority. All may

be outgrown by the growing race of men. They are but interpretations, more or less intelligent and intelligible, of deep interior beliefs, which, in one form or another, are fundamental. In the technical, dogmatic, historical sense, I do not call myself a 'Christian,' even according to the largest accepted definition. I am a believer in the spiritual, moral, social nature of man; and my aim is to show the laws which constitute that nature what it is, and to get them recognized by society."

P.B. Frothingham.



III.

MARIA B. HAYDEN, M.D.

THE lady whose name we have inscribed on this page, was born in Falmouth, Nova Scotia, Nov. 16th, 1825. Her maiden name was TRENHOLM, and the family was of Saxon origin. Her father, Matthew Trenholm, was born and lived in Yorkshire, England. Her mother was a Potter, and a cousin of Hon. John Northrop. In her early life, the subject of this sketch discovered an extreme susceptibility of impressions from outward causes. It was with a feeling of extreme reluctance that she remained in some places, and in the immediate presence of certain persons. This acute perception of the subtle principles and invisible emanations from human beings made her skillful in diagnostics while yet a child; at the same time it rendered her presence in the sick-room a painful infliction which she was only inclined to bear from a paramount sense of duty.

At the age of twenty-five—in October, 1850—Miss Trenholm was married to Dr. W. R. Hayden, of Boston.—Four children were the fruits of this marriage, three of whom—two daughters and a son—are still living. In the spring of that year, her delicate mental impressibility assumed a new form in the development of her spiritual mediumship, which soon attracted the attention of many intelligent people. The interest awakened by numerous evidences of spiritual presence and identity, was such that the public soon demanded that she should devote her time to the exercise of her remarkable gifts ; and for several years she was chiefly employed in this capacity.

It was in the autumn of 1851, that the Doctor and Mrs. Hayden made their first visit to Europe. They established themselves in England, where they remained some eighteen months. The presence of Mrs. Hayden in London awakened an unexpected interest. She moved the mental elements of the great city which claims the possession of a large proportion of the intelligence of Europe. Indeed, she was made eminent by the opposition she encountered. *Household Words* led off in the attack ; but it was a mild discharge from the masked batteries of anonymous correspondents. The *Leader* followed, and then came the *Zoist*—chiefly devoted to the work of spreading the fame of F. Antoine Mesmer—through which Dr. John Elliotson ventilated his skepticism, and expressed his conviction that the rappings and moving of ponderable bodies were the result of imposture. The *London Quarterly*, too learned and too lubberly to indulge in any new discovery, attributed the manifestations to fraud ; while Prof. Faraday gave the sanction of his great name to a very foolish hypothesis—he had no doubt that the true solution of the mystery of all table-moving would be found in muscular pressure. Behind these scientific men with dark lanterns, followed a small body of Church ministers echoing the contradictory hypotheses of everybody else. The Thunderer was terrible in its silence, and would not so much as publish Mrs.

Hayden's card for pay. On the contrary, the *Evening Globe* assumed an independent and honorable position, and performed good service in a despised cause.

Notwithstanding this general hostility to the claims of Spiritualism, Mrs. Hayden's rooms were frequented by the best people of England. She was sent for by the nobility and treated with marked respect. Among her more distinguished patrons we may mention the Earl of Zetland, the Marquis of Breadalbain, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord Brougham, the Earl of Stanhope, Sir Charles Isham, the Earl of Eglinton, Lord and Lady Naas, Lady Hastings, George C. Bentinck, nephew of the Duke of Portland, and the Duke of Argyll. Of persons notable for their intellectual powers and for important services in the Republic of Letters—Bulwer, Dickens, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, Rev. James E. Smith, author of the "Divine Drama of History and Civilization," Robert Chambers, Prof. Cross, Dr. Rutter, Professor De Morgan, Douglas Jerrold, Robert Owen, who was converted to a belief in immortality by the phenomena he witnessed in presence of Mrs. Hayden, and Dr. Ashburner—were conspicuous. The last-named gentleman became sincerely and profoundly interested in the whole subject as illustrated in the presence of Mrs. Hayden. So deep was his conviction of the super-terrestrial origin of the phenomena, that he affirmed his willingness to risk reputation and even existence on the chances that the ultimate decision would confirm the claims of the Spirits.

In December, 1852, the Doctor and Mrs. Hayden left England, temporarily, to attend to their affairs in this country; but went back in the following April. After spending several additional months in London, they returned and resumed their residence in Boston. In 1859, they removed to this city. Here the subject of our sketch entered upon a regular course of medical studies, and, in 1866, passed an excellent examination and graduated with honor from the Eclectic Medical College in this city. In 1867, she was elected to a membership in both the City and State Eclectic Medical Societies,

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and as a practicing physician has already made an enviable record.

DR. MARIA B. HAYDEN is a lady of commanding presence. Her face, form, voice and manner, all indicate unusual strength and harmony of development, and an intelligent self-reliance, combined with many womanly qualities. Nature, a long and varied experience, and her medical education, have qualified her for great usefulness in her profession. The idea and purpose of her life are thus expressed in her own well-chosen words :

"From my earliest recollection it has been my chief ambition to see Woman in the front rank of the Medical Profession. With this object in view I studied the science of medicine and commenced the practice of the healing art. The object of my life will be accomplished if I may not only minister to the suffering, but lend a helping hand to my toiling sisters in the pursuit of this noble calling."

Maria B. Hayden

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IV.

HON. GERRIT SMITH.

GERRIT SMITH—a philanthropist whose fame is not limited to the country of his birth—was born in Utica, N. Y., March 6th, 1797, and has therefore just completed his seventy-sixth year. His father, Peter Smith, was an extensive land-owner, and the son, born to liberal opportunities, graduated at Hamilton College in 1818. Unlike most young men who inherit wealth, he grew up with rational views of the proper objects of life. Instead of yielding to a vain ambi-

tion for personal aggrandizement, and to indulgence in sensuous pleasures, he felt, at an early period in life, the promptings of a generous nature, and nobly resolved to perform the duty of a faithful steward in the household of the common Father. He soon became conspicuous in various benevolent enterprises. For ten years he took an active part in furthering the objects of the Colonization Society ; and, at a later period (1835), he became a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Wherever the principles of justice and humanity were violated, he wrestled earnestly with the oppressors, and defended the cause of the weak against the strong with the impressive eloquence of a Christian apostle.

Although Mr. Smith had never pursued a regular course of legal studies, he was found to be so well versed in the principles of civil law and the decisions of the courts, that he was, some twenty years ago, admitted to practice in the State and Federal courts of New York. He was employed in several important cases, but, naturally enough, discovered no special taste for litigation. In 1852, the partiality of his fellow-citizens of Oswego and Madison Counties elected him to Congress ; but at the close of the first session, he resigned his seat, his private affairs requiring his constant attention. It may also be observed that the general drift of public life in Washington was distasteful to him, as it inevitably must be to any sensitive man in whom the benevolent instincts so far predominate over the selfish passions. Though an ardent lover of peace, Mr. Smith favored the vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union, and in the great interests of American civilization.

Mr. Smith's published works consist of two volumes of Congressional and other speeches ; numerous public addresses on reform subjects ; essays, moral and religious disquisitions, and various contributions to the secular and religious journals—all breathing the spirit of freedom, and characterized by a lofty patriotism and a pure devotion that is ready to sacrifice self—and the ephemeral interests of religious sects and political

parties—for the sake of the truth and the welfare of the country.

The labors of many professed friends of humanity begin and end in words ; but the subject of this sketch presents an illustrious example of a true Reformer. He gave his money freely in the great cause of universal emancipation. Feeling that under the laws of Nature he had no right to his vast domains, he distributed, first and last, not less than 200,000 acres of land, for the purposes of education, for charitable institutions, and, especially, for building up homesteads for poor families, always regardless of their nationality and the superficial distinctions of race and color. We scarcely need except our illustrious countryman, the late George Peabody, whose more than princely liberality gladdened the hearts of two hemispheres, when we say, that we can recall the name of no American who has done more than Gerrit Smith, in proportion to his means and opportunities, to meliorate the condition of the poorer classes of his countrymen. The universal application of his benevolent principles to all human interests is clearly enough suggested in this brief motto—the authorized rendering of his idea of the relations and duties of mankind :

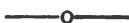
“ All for each, and each for all.”

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Gerrit Smith". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered below the motto.

Our distinguished friend believes in the equal rights of men and women, before the law and everywhere; and he would limit the functions of government to the protection of life and property. His love of Home, its peaceful pursuits and sacred associations, not less than the native modesty of his disposition, strongly incline him to retire from public observation. Away from the selfish and cruel strifes of the world, he still lives in the free exercise of all his nobler faculties—lives to il-

lustrate the ripened glories of his manhood and the serenity of an honorable old age—lives with no bitter memories to disturb his peace, and where no shadows fall to

“Defile the crystal pureness of his fame.”



V.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT.

THE venerable woman, whose pure life and noble services form the subject of this brief sketch, has for half a century been an eminent member and minister of the Society of Friends. She was born in Nantucket, January 3, 1793, and consequently entered on her eighty-first year in January last. The family name was Coffin, and her parents were both natives of the island. When Lucretia was eleven years old, the family removed to Boston, where she attended school for two years. She was then sent to a Friends' boarding-school in the State of New York. There she remained three years, and was employed for some time as an assistant teacher. In the course of instruction received at that school she was taught to abstain from all the products of slave labor; and this sense of duty, early impressed on her susceptible mind, became a deep religious conviction.

In 1809 the family removed to Philadelphia, where, two years after, Lucretia Coffin married James Mott, and her husband became a partner in her father's business. The death of her father occurred soon after, and a period of unusual commercial depression succeeded the war of 1812. For some time she assisted her husband in his business. In 1817 she was employed as a teacher of a large school. At the age

of twenty-five she commenced her labors as a religious teacher among the peaceful followers of William Penn. But she continued to look after the affairs of her household, and to superintend the education of her six children. Subsequently, as a true apostle of Emancipation, she traveled through New England and several other States, preaching against the iniquity of slavery, and warning the people of the manifold evils she conceived to be inseparable from the institution. Her manner of treating the subject was direct and forcible, and the simple eloquence of the minister of Love and Peace touched the hearts of her hearers, and carried conviction to many minds.

In 1827 a division occurred in the Society of Friends, and Lucretia Mott, true to the instincts of her nature, went with the Hicksite or liberal party. She fellowshipped the new ideas and practical reforms, rather than any standard of conventional propriety and popular orthodoxy. She took an active part in the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833. Animated by her devotion to a great principle, and strong in the love of duty and of peace, she did not quail before the mob that burned Pennsylvania Hall, where the Anti-Slavery Society held its sessions; nor did she heed the abuse heaped upon the Abolitionists; but continued to advocate the rights of the African race, to speak in their churches, to contribute her efforts to advance their public charities, and to stand everywhere between the outcast race and the gigantic wrong that remorselessly crushed a patient people to the dust.

In 1840 she was sent as a delegate to the Anti-Slavery Convention in London. But the assembled enemies of negro slavery had not then learned that the rights of women should be respected. And so this already venerable Evangelist was denied a seat as a delegate in the World's Convention. Some old custom or tradition—founded, it may be, on the opinion of a self-emasculated pupil of Gamaliel—governed the convention, and so woman could not be heard. In private Mrs.

Mott was treated with respectful consideration by distinguished people ; but she could not be permitted to take any part in the convocation. When men—and professed reformers, too—make such fools of themselves, we may well congratulate the purest and noblest of the Apostles of Liberty sent to that convention—that she was a woman.

It was in 1848 that the first Woman's Rights Convention assembled at Seneca Falls, N. Y. Lucretia Mott was an influential spirit in that assembly ; and she continued on every proper occasion to defend, in her own modest way, but with irresistible force, the natural equality of the sexes, and the just rights of women under the democratic institutions of the country. But her efforts in behalf of Woman, and her interest in every practical reform, never diverted her attention from the long-suffering people who had enlisted her earliest and deepest sympathies. She has lived to receive the answer to the fervent prayer of her whole life, in the destruction of slavery. A down-trodden race has been uplifted in her presence and crowned with freedom and the rights of citizenship. It is the great event of the century, and will be so regarded by the future historian. Its influence is not limited to this continent. Every important achievement in the interest of popular liberty and a better civilization, casts its shadow over the whole earth. Electric fires kindle in human hearts, and like lightning run through the nerves of nations. And thus the work of emancipation must go on, until

“ The banner of divine equality,
High in the heavens unfurled,
Shall wave above a liberated world ! ”

In answer to our request that she would give us some brief expression of the thought now uppermost in her mind, the venerable Friend, whose career we have thus briefly sketched, was kind enough to send us the following, traced in her own clear chirography :

"In seeking the right way, ever take Truth for authority—not authority for truth."

"When the legal, political, and social disabilities of Woman shall be removed, it will be found that in the true marriage relation, the independence of the husband and the wife will be equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal."

Lucretia Mott.

For Justice and Humanity—and for whatever promised to inspire the human heart and mind with purer impulses and nobler aims—Lucretia Mott has labored faithfully from her youth. No one ever listened to her vindication of any righteous cause, who did not learn at once to revere her character and to respect her convictions. And no evil-doer, with a spark of his original manhood remaining, ever felt the gentle severity of her chastisement, who was not ready to kiss the hand that smote him. Her day of earnest work draws to a peaceful close. A flood of mellow light bathes the distant horizon, and the sun goes down on a well-spent life. Society is better because she has lived; and of such an one the world can only cherish grateful memories.

Women of America! you whose brains are distracted by fiction and fashion; who recline on gilded divans through all the morning hours; in the afternoon go out to air your gay wardrobes in the Parks and on the Boulevards; and in the evening appear in crowded assembly rooms in "full dress" (which means a covering of half the person and the floor) to furnish suggestive texts for the vulgar commentaries of well-dressed knaves and fools—let me assure you, here is a true woman's example worthy of your profound respect and careful imitation. O, butterflies and humming-birds! gilded ephemera! that spread iridescent wings and flutter in the gas-light, and all night long sip the honey-dews of fashionable foolery; your chief graces consist in willowy figures, curved

lines, and the "poetry of motion"—all seen through the flimsy veil of the latest Paris styles. Festus suggests that such tantalizing scenes and shapes

"Bring up the devil and the ten commandments."

Is it for this purpose that the fair daughters of America make exhibition of themselves? Are your most essential qualities within or without? Of the mind, the heart, and the life, or must we be satisfied with the exhalation of rare perfumes and jeweled shrines of soulless alabaster? Where is the offering of the pure heart and the willing hand in the service of mankind? Give us the aroma of unselfish and loving deeds, that are as incense from altars where God is worshiped? O, ye who are in pursuit of "a conquest," and ready to die for want of a new sensation! why not achieve something for Humanity, and indulge, for once, in the luxury of a sensation that will give you fellowship with Heaven?



THE POETS AND THE SPIRITS.

THE spiritual idea is not only fundamental in the principal religious systems of the world, but it finds a place in all our best literature. The great poets of ancient and modern times recognized, not merely the essential principles of the spiritual philosophy, but also various phenomenal illustrations of the subject. If the critics had the power to take all the spiritual elements out of Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Coleridge, they would rob those authors of their earthly immortality. Indeed, there is scarcely a poet of any eminence who has not fairly sanctioned

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the legitimate claims of Spiritualism ; and yet the world does not appear to recognize this most significant fact. In this connection we have only space for three or four illustrations from modern authors.

Campbell employs the spiritual element in his poems, of which we have an example in the interview between the Seer and the warlike chief of the Camerons. The latter is on his way to join the standard of Charles Stuart when he is met by the Seer who predicts his overthrow. Lochiel denounces him as a vile wizard, and the Seer, insisting that he can not hide the terrible vision, says :

“For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man can not cover what God would reveal :
’Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore.
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

The Seer proceeds to give a graphic description of the catastrophe. The field and the conflict are before him ; and as the Pretender and his legions fly in vision from the bloody scenes of Culloden, the prophet invokes the “ wild tempests ”—as though the elements themselves were governed by spiritual powers—to rise and “ cover his flight.”

Philip James Bailey includes numerous Spirits and Angels in the *dramatis personæ* of his remarkable poem. Festus thus describes the manner in which the celestial visitors appear :

“Light as a leaf they step, or arrowy
Floating of breeze upon a waveless pool ;
Sudden and soft, too, like a waft of light,
The beautiful immortals come to me.”

Festus is interrogated respecting the general subjects of which the Angels discourse, and he thus proceeds to answer the fair questioner.

"Some say most
 About the future, others of the gone,
 The dim traditions of Eternity,
 Or Time's first golden moments. One there was
 From whose sweet lips elapsed as from a well,
 Continuously, truths which made my soul
 As they sank into it, fertile with rich thoughts—
 Spake to me oft of Heaven, and our talk
 Was of Divine things alway—angels, Heaven,
 Salvation, immortality, and God ;
 The different states of Spirits and the kinds
 Of being in all orbs, or physical,
 Or intellectual. I never tired
 Preferring questions, but at each response
 My soul drew back, sea-like, into its depths
 To urge another charge on him. *This Spirit*
Came to me daily for a long, long time,
 Whene'er I prayed his presence. Many a world
 He knew right well which man's eye never yet
 Hath marked, nor ever may mark while on earth ;
 Yet grew his knowledge every time he came.
 His thoughts all great and solemn and serene,
 Like the immensest features of an orb,
 Whose eyes are blue seas, and whose clear broad brow,
 Some cultured continent, came ever round
 From truth to truth—day bringing as they came.
 He was to me an all-explaining Spirit,
 Teaching divine things by analogy
 With mortal and material."

Longfellow has breathed the spiritual conception into the rhythmical form of his verse in the following significant lines :

All houses wherein men have lived and died
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
 With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair ;
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

The authors of commanding reputation—who have made contributions to our literature that give promise of an imperishable vitality—have never derided the just claims of Spiritualism. If they have not been prepared, to accept it with unspeakable joy, they have, at least, been disposed to treat the whole subject with profound respect. Irving, in his *Midnight Musings*, is inclined to credit the idea that spiritual beings

“ —————walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

The following brief extract is a significant expression of his views of the general subject :

“ Is then this space between us and Deity filled up with innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect ? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the fathers, that there are guardian Angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed Spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though

it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime."

This testimony from one of the most distinguished American authors should humble the pride and rebuke the ignorant self-conceit of that numerous class of inferior writers who arrogantly denounce the very idea as a wicked imposture, and its realization as utterly impossible. This difference in the judgment of men is heaven-wide, but it is scarcely wider than the abyss that separates the judges and the spheres of their intellectual and moral life.



SUBSTANTIAL STUFF IN DREAMS.

IN our sleeping existence the mind wanders where it will, and finds no obstacles in solid bodies and immeasurable spaces. No one may conjecture what the dream-life of the itinerating soul may discover, while it stands sentry along the dim confines of the invisible life. Like sunlight, flashing over the mountains and through the darkness of the waning night, come the revelations from Shadow Land. The Fort Wayne *Sentinel* tells the following story of a young man at the West who has been dreaming to some purpose :

"A clerk in Omaha wrote to his father that he had been robbed of \$5,000 belonging to his employer while returning from a collecting trip. Then the father fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting at a table of a hotel in Omaha, and overheard two young men talking over the particulars of a robbery in which they had been concerned, at the same time counting the proceeds with much exultation. Learning (as he dreamed) the number of their room, he (still dreaming) consulted the register and fixed their names in his memory. He wrote to his son (having waked up) to consult the register of the

Omaha Hotel, and to see if he found there the names of John B. Nelson and James Frank inscribed on its pages under the date of November. Finding the said names registered there, the son caused the arrest of the said men, when they confessed the theft; \$4,812 of the money was recovered, and the offenders are now in the penitentiary."

Now, how do the positive philosophers dispose of such dreams? Do they believe that "The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep," and capable of making such discoveries? If there is nothing in mind but the corporeal instruments, the play of subtle elements over a delicate organic structure, and the dim phosphorescence of the brain, by what means did the dreamer hear those young men converse in their private room in a distant hotel? When the ear was closed in sleep, and the auditory nerve dull and insensible, how did the far-away sleeper hear the confession of their crime? And by what vision did he unerringly read the names of the criminals on the hotel register? Positive philosophers, answer! and stop throwing the dust of your empty speculations in the open eyes of the world. Let those scientific people respond—those who insist that man is neither more nor better than a polished galvanic machine, mounted on stilts and endowed with automatic powers of speech and locomotion. Make an effort, gentlemen, to overcome the reticence of your native modesty and tell us, what invisible presence was it that—in the silent watches of the night—thus acted as an invisible detective in the secret chamber of the robbers?

We have no disposition to occupy all the time, even in a free meeting. Whether it be the province of Science or Religion to answer our inquiries is not yet absolutely determined. This circumstance warrants the largest liberty. So in the absence of all the positive philosophers, the archbishop and our medium, we wait to hear from the Scientific Sphinx, the high priest of Fohi, or any other man.

DIGGING FOR THE APOSTLES.

A RECENT telegram from Rome announces that the Pope is convinced that the mortal remains of Philip and James have been discovered in the Roman Church of the Apostles, where they are said to have been buried. It is a little singular that this discovery should have been made at this late date. During the period of a thousand years Rome has witnessed many changes. It has been the theater of repeated revolutions; armed hosts have marched over every foot of the ground; and armies of curiosity-seekers have penetrated to the inner shrines of its temples, and explored its caves and crypts. But the Pope is satisfied that the veritable Apostles have been resurrected—by the free use of picks and spades; the church is pleased with this addition to its sacred relics, and we are content that it should monopolize its treasures. We give place to the following brief account of the martyrdom and burial of the exhumed apostles, which is presumed—by those who are more credulous than logical—to confirm the Pope's view.

St. Philip suffered martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, where he was crucified and stoned for the faith. His body was buried there, but afterwards translated to Rome. St. James suffered martyrdom at Jerusalem, where he was thrown down from the battlements of the Temple, stoned, and struck on the head with a fuller's club. He was buried near the Temple, but his body was afterwards translated to Constantinople, and thence to Rome.

His Holiness is for going to the bottom of this matter. Like other materialists he believes in *digging* to find every good thing—not even excepting the Apostles. It does not occur to him to look *up* to discover their presence. Indeed, if they should visibly enter the Vatican he would probably go

at them armed with a crucifix ; or, otherwise attempt to exorcise the spiritual interlopers by the free use of the holy aqua. Doubtless the Apostles know that, and hence prudently keep away ; or, possibly, they may not like the character of " the Apostolic Succession," and so do not choose to sanction its claims by their spiritual presence and the offices of a heavenly diplomacy.



EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

WE occasionally hear of some physician whose diagnosis of a case of spirit mediumship resolves it, either into subsultus tendinum, arising from physical causes ; hysteria, from obstructed catamenia ; delirium tremens, from too frequent intercourse with the spirits of gin and brandy ; the falling sickness, from early indiscretion ; catalepsis, from the dominance of the destructive passions ; or what not, according to the superficial symptoms of the case and the caprice of the doctor. And is it not surprising that such men are still allowed to experiment on the delicate nervous systems of women and children at the risk of doing them a mortal injury ?

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the materialism of the age than this disposition to ascribe all spiritual phenomena to a diseased action of the bodily organs. Every person who has been visited by the Angels, or otherwise rendered susceptible of spiritual influence, since the days of the Apostles, is confidently *presumed to have been sick at the time*. This is the favorite hypothesis of many doctors whose wisdom is chiefly conspicuous on their diplomas. To what unknown

depths of apostasy—Oh ! to what gross and infidel issues is the unbelieving world tending, when its learned men (?) include the shades of the departed and the physical maladies of the living in the same category ! When even doctors of divinity have no power to distinguish between the mystic spell of an angelic presence and a fit of the nightmare !

“ Angels and ministers of grace defend us ”

from the titled ignorance and licensed stupidity that can not discriminate between a vision of heaven and an attack of hysteria ! This idea that all psychical experiences are but the offspring of disease, presumes that the perfection of the individual, and his accord with Nature, are best realized when man is most insensible to all impressions from super-terrestrial sources. This monstrous assumption, born of ignorance and sensuality, is treated professionally by those medical gentlemen who labor to obscure and deaden the inward senses, and to banish the soul's immortal companions by a species of medical exorcism.



II.

THE INWARD VISION.

IT is well known that the ordinary somnambule, and, indeed, every person endowed with a faculty of prevision or a power of clairvoyance, is qualified to perceive and comprehend many things which wholly transcend the mind's capacity, while it is restricted to the sphere of its mundane relations. This truth is daily illustrated by many startling phenomena. I have known an uneducated youth who was totally ignorant of all arts and sciences ; yet in ten minutes, even by the aid of a human magnetizer, he became a sage—was familiar with different languages, and at home in every

department of scientific philosophy. Fools jeered at him, but wise men wondered at his wisdom. Not only did he exhibit a familiarity with the profoundest principles of Nature and the various acquisitions of the human mind, but there was no apparent limit to his vision. The most solid substances were transparent as ether; immeasurable distances opposed no barrier to his observations; the forgotten Past was unveiled before him, and he had power to unlock the mysterious Future, and to read from the book of destiny!



III.

HOW THE SOUL IS ECLIPSED.

THE great realm of the Spiritual opens around and within us in proportion as our natures are refined and exalted. The thoughts which startle the world with their vastness, power and beauty, are not born of corporeal elements. On this point we must respect the actual experience of inspired minds rather than the skepticism of those who are incapable of any similar experience. The latter class should be reminded that it is as truly the privilege of the eagle to *soar* as it is the province of meaner things to *crawl*. The dusty speculations of material philosophers on a question of this nature, are entitled to no credence, since they are obviously as destitute of truth as they are devoid of all incentives to heavenly aspiration and a true life. If such men have no intercourse with superior intelligences, the fact shows clearly enough that they themselves are earthly and sensual; but it does nothing to prove that others are like them, much less that the common faith of the world is to be regarded as an illusion.

IV.

THE IMMORTAL MORNING.

THE ancient Day was glorious, but its light grew dim when the early apostles, seers and philosophers went to their rest. Since that day there has been a long, long night ; and many a doubting mortal watched his brief hour, and thought that night would never end. And when the hour—the sad, short hour—of earthly being had passed, with no light but the faint glimmering of the silent stars, the watcher went to his repose ; and another—lonely and desolate—sat in his place. Thus wore the great night away, until souls from the Invisible World came to herald the dawn of a new Day. We live in the beginning of a New Era. Inter-course with the Spirit World is becoming general, and those who have as yet no evidence of their own immortality shall soon have the witness in themselves. New lights now glimmer in the spiritual firmament, and the Morning Stars, whose effulgence

“ ——— made the old time glorious,”

reappear in the upper heavens, while the mists of ignorance and unbelief break and pass away, to obscure the world no more !



V.

SAVED BY WINE.

SOME time ago, while the writer was seated in a printing-office in New York, attention was called to the following passage in the journal of the late Rev. Adoniram Judson, formerly Baptist missionary in the Burman Empire :

Sunday, July 11th.—No wine to be procured in this place, on which account we are unable to unite with the other churches, this day, in partaking of the Lord's Supper.

We believe that many Christians insist that there is a saving efficacy in this ordinance. If it be so, and if wine be indispensable to its observance, as is distinctly implied by Mr. Judson, it must follow that the poor heathen who have no wine may starve to death for the Lord's Supper, and finally go to hell in spite of the benevolent efforts of the Missionary Society. However, this passage was written several years since, and we may therefore presume that this last requisite of salvation has been supplied before now. Surely, such heathen destitution can not long exist among any modern Christian people.

VI.

"THE DEVIL'S SONATA."

A SINGULAR story respecting one of Tartini's most celebrated compositions is told on the authority of M. de Lande, chapel-master to Louis the Fourteenth:—"One night, in the year 1713, he dreamed he had made a compact with the devil, and bound himself to his service. In order to ascertain the musical abilities of his new associate, he gave him his violin, and desired him, as the first proof of his obedience, to play him a solo; which, to his great surprise, Satan executed with such surpassing sweetness, and in so masterly a manner, that, awaking in the ecstasy which it produced, he sprang out of bed, and instantly seizing his instrument, endeavored to recall the delicious, fleeting sounds. Although not attended with the desired success, his efforts were yet so far effectual as to give rise to the composition so generally admired, entitled 'The Devil's Sonata.' Still the production was in his own estimation so inferior to that which he heard in his sleep, as to cause him to declare that, could he have procured subsistence in any other line, he should have broken his violin in despair, and renounced music forever!"

VII.

SPIRITUAL MINISTRY OF SLEEP.

MAN is susceptible of no condition that is more remarkable for its beauty and its mystery than sleep. The outward senses are sealed up, and our connection with the external world is severed. The eye and the ear are dull and insensible ; our earthly plans are all forgotten ; and the objects disclosed so vividly in our dreams, are discerned through an inward spiritual medium. Thus sleep is a temporary *death*. The frequent recurrence of this state prevents our becoming wholly absorbed with the affairs of earth. It disengages the mind, in a degree at least, from the scenes of its groveling and its imprisonment. We are led away to the very confines of mortal being, that we may stand for a brief season by the veiled portals of the invisible Temple, there to question the radiant beings who frequent its courts and worship at its shrine.

VIII.

SPRING IS HERE !

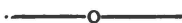
APRIL reminds us of some capricious maid who waits impatiently and sighs for the warm embrace of an absent but expected lover. Her heart is full of promises ; the violets blossom in her eyes ; and her bosom is a cage of singing birds. Like waves of light that come and go in rapid succession—when broken but fast moving clouds float between us and the blue heavens—her inconstant smiles appear, and are followed by alternate frowns. She tries the temper and the complexion of the fairer creation—plays rudely with their wealth of bright curls and light costumes. But we welcome and cherish the fair visitor from the South Land, fickle as she is. She is bewitching as she is capricious ; and we allow her

to laugh and weep at pleasure and without a cause, like a foolish girl in whose heart the half-awakened loves murmur with changeful and uncertain voices. In her gentler moods she is irresistibly agreeable. The April winds are tempered by her warm, inspiring breath ; and they blow softly, like aromatic airs, out of the beautiful lands of Summer and of Song.

After all that has been said of the inconstant one, she is the minister of Hope and the angel of Life. While she bends tearfully above the graves of the buried germs, her gentlest breath wakes the dead. Come near, to-day, O breath of the Spring ! with the inspiration that warms the heart. Breathe on the cold forms of Nature, and fan to life the ashes of our buried hopes.

“ Blow, from a trumpet of balm in thy mouth,
 Blow us more sunshine than shadows,
 Blow butterflies out of the South,
 Blow bobolinks into the meadows,
 Blow off the rain
 From faces beclouded with pain.

“ Soft wind, thou art laden with showers,
 Go blow the fresh buds into bloom,
 And fan into flame the bright flowers ;
 Blow the bee out of his golden comb,
 And blow away
 The cloud that darkens my heart to-day.”



THEODORE'S TILT ON THE JOURNAL.

MR. BRITTAN'S *Quarterly*, for the discussion of Spiritualism, discovers to our eyes, at first glance, a blunder which its editor has no excuse for having committed. He quotes a well-known poem beginning,

“ I am old and blind,”

and credits it to John Milton, whereas it was simply written of Milton and his blindness, and its author was Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress. The same mistake has been made so many times, and corrected in such conspicuous ways, that we marvel how anybody should stumble into the same pit again. But Byron taught the world to entertain no great opin-



ion of quarterly reviewers. Our spiritualistic friends, in both worlds, seem to have an innate perverseness in literature.—*Golden Age*.

We are not indebted to our Reviewer for information of the fact, that we were inadvertently led astray by the representations of the press, in respect to the authorship of the poem in question. We had learned that long before the above paragraph was brought to our notice. The peculiar *spirit* of this criticism leads us to question the divinity of its origin, and seems to justify such means of exorcism as are at our command. Our critic is inexorable in his judgment—assuming that *we have committed a blunder that admits of no excuse*. It may be so in his estimation ; but his decision is, nevertheless, very damaging to our poetic conception of the beneficent spirit of the Golden Age. But we beg to remind our critic that our mistake is not of so vital a character as the incorrigible blunders of a certain erratic genius who has of late achieved more than ordinary distinction as a biographer, and, politically, as one of the exponents and defenders of the last, mournful shift of “the lost cause.”

A man of less genius than Mr. Tilton might easily write a small volume on his mistakes ; but it would be a thankless task, and very few would care to buy the book. Hitherto our charity has restrained any allusion to the eccentricities of our cotemporary ; but we may now gently admonish him to take in his glass windows, preparatory to the further use of his small sling and the little stones he is able to throw in this direction. The master spirit of the *Golden Age* is of course just the man to correct the “innate perverseness” of “our spiritualistic friends in both worlds.” His serene confidence in his own individual capacity is apparently commensurate with the great work he has undertaken. He is at liberty to count on our feeble support of his magnificent moral enterprise.

We have not been able to ascertain Byron's opinion of *weekly* reviewers ; but it is especially worthy of observation, that *the only thing*—worthy of notice—that “Brittan's Quarterly, for the discussion of Spiritualism, discovers to the eyes” of one of them is—a *single error*. Manifestly among the good things the *Golden Age* naturally brings to us is the era of honest criticism ! Let us return thanks.

SCIENCE ON STILTS.

AT length we are in possession of the "Outlines" of the grand system of "Universology," by Stephen Pearl Andrews, in a royal octavo of nearly 800 pages. This is, however, but the introduction to the new science of Universal Being, which the author professes to have evolved. The light of this scientific discovery may be very clear to the author's mind, but it will scarcely be comprehended by any one else. Universology is mounted on such superlative stilts, that we apprehend the normal understanding may never reach it in this world. Never before did science appear in such a questionable shape ; never did it use such a preposterous dialect, nor drape itself in a foreign wardrobe of more than kaleidoscopic combinations. Philosophy is on the rampage, and the terminology of this book is sufficient to terrify all ordinary readers. The attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the Pantarch must be perilous ; and we do not propose to jeopardize our equilibrium by diving into the fathomless depths of the author's philosophical vagaries. Are not the accumulated woes of humanity sufficient already ? Must we yet have all the evils of Universology heaped upon us, that the horn of Stephen may be exalted ? In fine, are we to be inoculated with the virus of a scorbutic Socialism, and have our mother tongue thus grossly perverted, that Reason may be swamped and Science go on a bender ?

But seriously. If much learning and intense thought have made the author mad, his delirium has not interrupted a certain method of manifestation peculiar to himself. Notwithstanding the vast egotism that overshadows his best ideas ; that displays itself in a questionable liberty of speech, and manifests supreme contempt for ordinary habits of thought and accepted forms of expression—the careful reader will yet recognize the presence of a subtle mind, and faculties sharpened and rendered incisive by close analysis and earnest controversy. In his scientific explorations, however, the author goes to sea with more breadth of sail than weight of ballast. Those who are so buoyant as to float on the surface, and such as have line enough to touch bottom, may venture to go along, if they will. If the fog that envelops the subject ever clears away, they may possibly find an anchorage somewhere within the "Basic Outlines" of the author's conception.